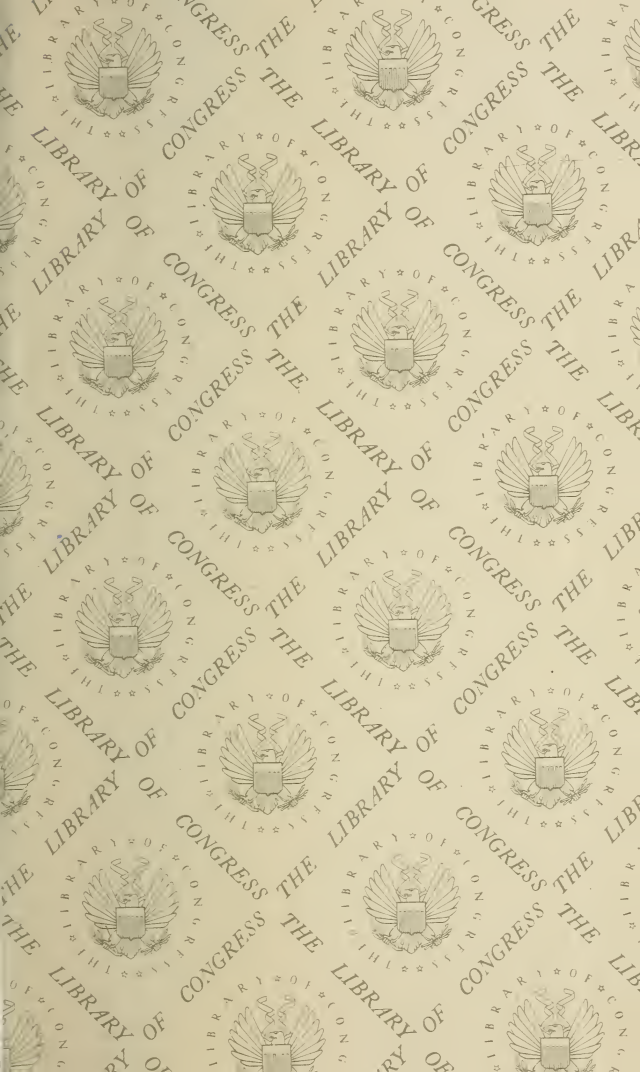


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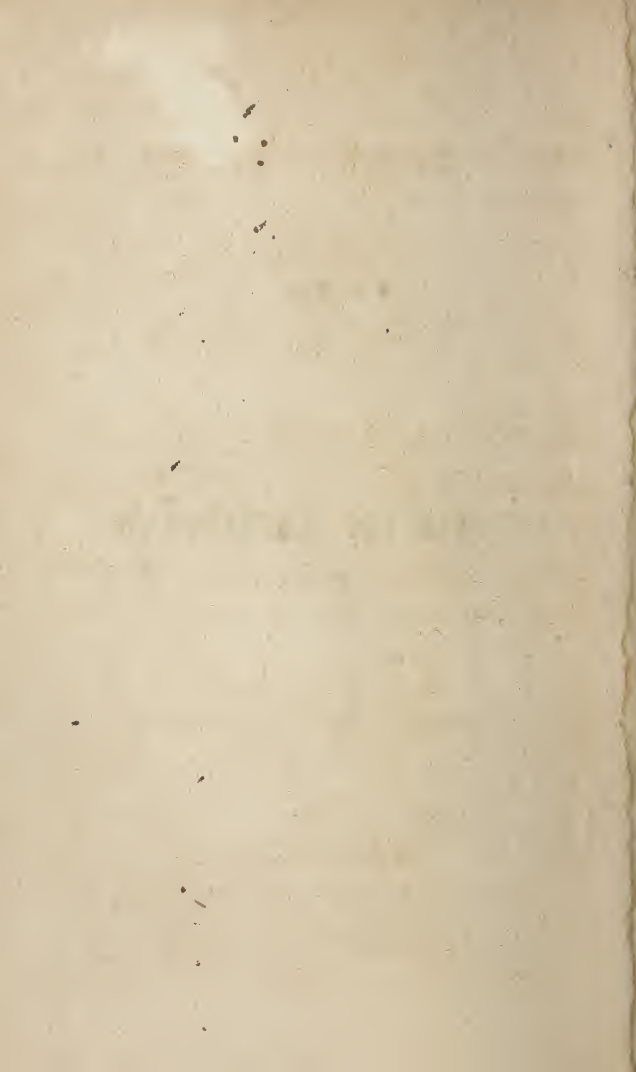
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SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN.



THE
SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN;


EXEMPLIFIED

IN THE MEMOIRS OF
ANTHONY JEFFERSON PEARSON,

Who died August 31st, 1834, in Spartanburgh, South Carolina.

John
BY J. BOGGS, A. M.

His grace, which was bestowed on me, was not in vain.—*Paul.*

(W) NEW YORK: 

PUBLISHED BY EZRA COLLIER,

SUCCESSOR TO JOHN P. HAVEN,

American Tract Society House, 148 Nassau street.

—
1835.

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BY

EZRA COLLIER,

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INTRODUCTION.

WHY is this volume published?—To demonstrate that Religion can flourish in the South ;—to refute, *practically*, the ill-founded assertion, that our climate is not adapted to the growth of piety. Instead of arguments, we give you facts. Do you doubt whether godliness,—enlightened and fervent,—deep and permanent,—can be found in the South? Carefully inspect the character of A. J. Pearson ; and your doubts will vanish.

Do you wish to know what means are most likely to promote the growth of grace in the South? Attentively view the course pursued by our Southern Christian. Follow him to his devotional retreats. See his Bible spread before him,—his mind and his heart open to self-inspection,—his very soul absorbed in heavenly contemplation. Go with him, when he mingles

with society,—travel with him, on his journies,—attend him to the Sabbath School,—visit, with him, the house of God. Hence will you learn, how it was that he held on his way, and grew stronger and stronger.

To the question, Why is this little volume published? we may reply, in A. J. Pearson was found genuine godliness; so intense and constant was his piety, that it soared far above the reach of suspicion. A pious curiosity led the writer of these pages to trace the stream to its fountain. In his progress, he found much to quicken his own zeal, confirm his resolution, and comfort his heart. That his Christian brethren may participate in these advantages and consolations, he now sends this little volume to the Churches: trusting that, in some degree, it may make glad the city of our God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

This volume is sent, with the best wishes of the Editor, to the *timid, doubting*, yet consci-

entious believer: hoping that it will lead him to the persevering use of those means, that raised our diffident and timorous Southern Christian above all painful doubts and fears; and which brought him down to his grave in peace.

To Christians of all denominations, this volume is presented. The period is come when the world, in rebellion against God, is to be subdued. By Christians, it is to be subdued. By Christians, completely clad in gospel armor. In this war, heroes alone will stand. When the sacramental host of God's *elect* is composed of heroes of magnanimous daring, when it is composed of such spirits as our Southern Christian, it will march around the globe, 'conquering and to conquer.' The Lamb shall indeed overcome; "for he is Lord of lords and King of kings; when they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful." Would Christians witness the triumph of Christ over all his foes, and share in the honor and

joy of that triumph; let them be in their several places, as far as possible, what young Pearson was in his. When professed Christians recline at their ease, or in the Lord's vineyard stand idle all the day long, in this age of benevolent exertion; when they give neither their hearts, nor their hands, nor their influence, nor their treasures, to spread abroad the gospel and evangelize the world; who does not fear lest that tremendous imprecation may light on them: "Curse ye Meroz, (said the angel of the Lord,) curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

To candidates for the gospel ministry, and to all who have lately entered the holy office, is this volume especially directed. In Pearson they will find a model, worthy of their imitation. None of his most discerning friends will think the assertion extravagant, that, with regard to elevated piety and pure morals, he was every thing that a minister of Christ should be. It

is true that the likeness, here drawn, is far beneath the original; but in this rough sketch, at least the outlines of his features may be distinctly traced. Such as he was, such *may* you be. You profess the same religion,—your Bible is the same,—your Redeemer the same,—your motives to zeal and activity the same. Like him aspire after the highest degree of godliness,—like him maintain communion with God, from day to day,—like him consecrate yourselves and all you possess, as well as all you expect to possess, entirely to the service of your gracious God,—and like him always abound in the work of the Lord. Be like him; and if your talents are splendid, they will shine with a heavenly lustre. Be like him; and if you have the rare requisites of an orator, guided and impelled by the inimitable pathos of a devout heart, you will speak with golden tongues. Be like him; and without the blaze of superior genius, you may “turn many to righteousness; and hereafter shine as the bright-

ness of the firmament and as the stars forever and ever."

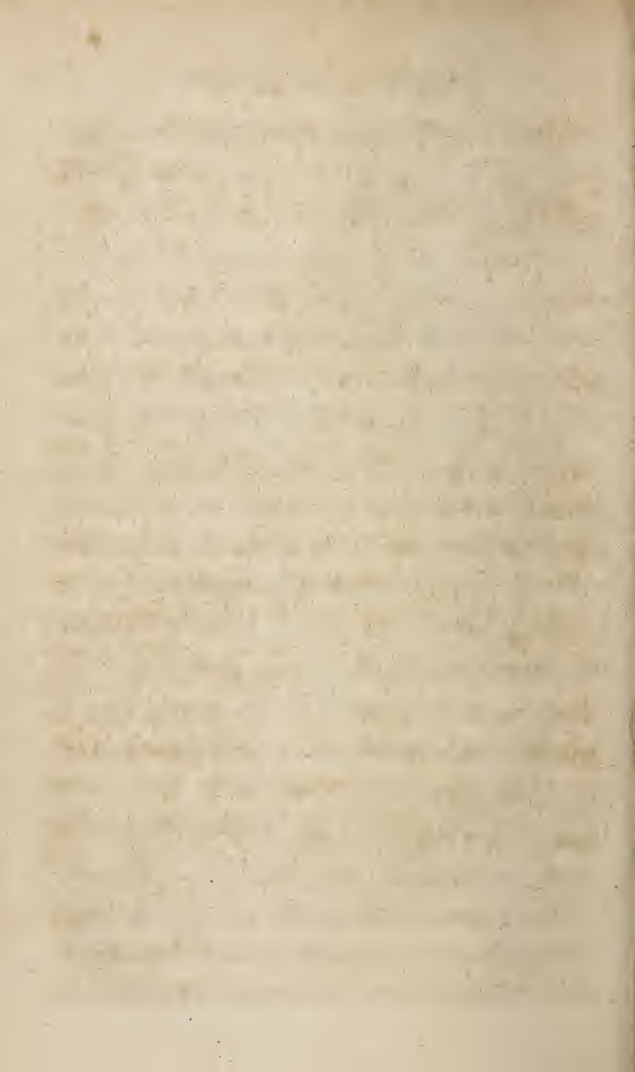
My last reason, and my first too, for the publication of this volume is the GLORY of our REDEEMER. Our Southern Christian bore his image;—most distinctly exhibited his features. No one could spend an hour in his company without thinking of Him, who was "meek and lowly in heart." Neither in this district nor in this state, have we seen a more striking demonstration of the existence and power of Him, who is "mighty to save." We might, without the aid of fanaticism, apply to him the strong assertion of a distinguished divine of France: "Whenever I see a man remarkably spiritual and devout, I think I see my Saviour." His zeal, temperate, but resolute; his compassion, spreading widely as the frailties, the wants, and the sorrows of man; his tranquil meekness, which nothing could ruffle; above all, the heavenly bias of his heart, which seemed to inscribe on his features, "Not of this

world";—all brought to our recollection *Him*, who while on earth said of himself, "the Son of man who is in heaven."

DEDICATION.

THIS little work, is therefore dedicated to the LORD JESUS CHRIST. The Editor asks no patronage but his. The Editor dreads no frown but his. For more than fifty years, he has been a constant friend; and most his friend, when needed most. The entire remnant of his years will, he trusts, be employed to persuade others to admire and love his inestimable friend. This little volume goes forth in his name; its sole object is to make him known. Blessed Jesus! pardon its errors, be indulgent to its imperfections. Let thy favor 'encompass it, as a shield.' Let thy Spirit attend it, to the hearts of thousands; let it live in the affectionate remembrance of thy redeemed, when the grave shall enclose thy unworthy servant,

J. BOGGS.



THE SOUTHERN CHRISTIAN.

CHAPTER I.

ANTHONY JEFFERSON PEARSON was born on the 6th day of February, 1810.

At the time of his birth, his father and mother were both members of the Church of Nazareth, in Spartanburgh District, South Carolina. According to the custom of the church to which they belonged, their infant son was early baptized, and placed under the care of their covenant-keeping God. The solemn hour, in which they brought their little Jefferson to the altar of God, his parents, with strong emotions, remember still. On that day, so fully did his mother's heart surrender her child to the God of her life; that she never, afterwards, regarded him as her own. From that moment to the close of his life, in her account he was the Lord's.

His ancestors, as far as they can be traced back, were moral, patriotic, and respectable. His father, and mother, and sister, their only

surviving child, are still members of the church in which he was baptized.

At a very early period, he began to show strong indications of that tender affection for his mother, that distinguishes a good child. Under the influence of the tenderness an affectionate mother feels for her first and only babe, she dreaded the moment, when it would be necessary to tear her little son from her bosom. Already, in imagination, she had anticipated all the pangs, attending the weaning of her beloved boy. But fortunately, they were in a great measure imaginary; for he submitted, almost without a struggle; and showed even then, in some degree, his high respect for parental authority. To the lady, who kindly aided his mother on that occasion, he, ever after, felt a strong attachment.

Very early, his affectionate disposition inclined him to associate with other children; but as soon as they became rude, snatched away his toys, or showed any signs of ill-nature, he withdrew from them. One of his early associates recollects that, when a child, he was held up by parents, who knew him, as a pattern for their own children. It was no uncommon occurrence,

for a mother to say to her child, "You are a naughty boy; Jefferson would not do so."

At a very early age, he manifested a strong dislike to profane language. When cursing or swearing reached his ear; with much seriousness and earnestness, he used to say to his mother, "Mamma, such a man said a very naughty word; but I must not tell what it was; or, it was so bad that you would not hear me say it."

In the sixth year of his age, a local disease, in the lower part of the forehead, well nigh proved fatal; and much deranged his health, for a considerable time. On account of this protracted illness, he did not commence his education, until he entered on his ninth year. Mr. Jonathan N. Hadden, at Poplar Spring, was his first preceptor. Under his direction, he became acquainted with the rudiments of our language. Until he was seven years old, Jefferson being an only child, as a matter of course, was much indulged; and greatly endeared to his parents, by his tedious, painful, and alarming disease. Brought up under their own eye and seldom out of their sight, their hearts could scarce endure to think of the separation

that must take place, when he was put to school. The morning at length arrived, when he must leave his father's house; and for a time relinquish the endearments of home. His little sister, now about a year old, began to occupy a tender place in his affectionate heart; his parents he loved with an unusual glow of filial attachment. But all these tender ties, which made home so sweet, could not confine him there. A thirst for knowledge had, already awakened, in his youthful bosom, a delightful hope, which pointed to a home in Science, more enchanting than that which he was now about to leave.

With his worthy preceptor by his side and his book under his arm, and no tear in his eye, young Pearson left his father's door. His mother's eye followed him, until the intervening branches of the forest, clad in the robe of spring, hid him from her sight. Aye,—and her heart followed him too. When her dear boy disappeared, she devoutly lifted a tearful eye to Heaven, and wafted a mother's prayer beyond the sky: "that the God of her fathers would bless her son; and make him his own." He who gave the mother's tender heart, and whose tenderness far surpasses hers, 'hearkened

and heard'; and a book of remembrance was written before him;—"He shall be mine, saith the Lord, in the day when I make up my jewels."

Never was the mind of Jefferson so completely engrossed before. His book was his meat and drink,—his father, his mother, his little sister, his home and all to him. Had his delighted instructor been surrounded by forty such boys, he would have longed for no better employment on earth. In less than two years, he was a better scholar than most boys at the age of ten. In spelling none in the school surpassed him, in reading few were equal,—in the quickness and retentiveness of his memory, he excelled them all. While under the care of Mr. J. N. Hadden, in about twenty-two months, in connection with his other studies, he had read entirely through the Bible, and committed to memory the whole of the Westminster Shorter Catechism. Thus was the Bible, at an early age, with all its interesting truths and facts spread before his mind, from man's creation to his last account.

Here began that intellectual, sentimental, and practical acquaintance with the Word of God,

which, at a maturer age, gave him a high rank among those, in whom the word of Christ dwells richly, in all wisdom.

His father—having purchased a farm in the neighborhood of the Poplar Spring—removed to it in the spring of 1820. The same year, in the eleventh of his age, Jefferson commenced the study of the Latin language, with Matthew P. Evins, Esq., who had recently taken charge of the Poplar Spring Academy. Under his instruction, he read through the Latin Classics in a little more than eighteen months. During this period, his application to study was close and unremitted; each of his recitations was prepared with care and accuracy. Among his fellow-students his conduct was at once inoffensive and amiable. If the interests of any his companions seemed to clash with his, he never contended. In the disputes of others, he had no concern or agency, but to check or heal them. He partook in no rude or noisy plays; hence while others were engaged in trifling, he was often observed seated alone or indulging in a solitary ramble. While this steady, manly course commanded the respect of his fellow-students, it completely gained the confidence of

his teacher. Such, it is recollected, was his love for truth, and so well established was his reputation for veracity, that his simple affirmation, when required, had in evidence, all the weight of an oath. So great was his reverence for truth, that he could not endure to hear it violated even in jest.

The Latin school at Poplar Spring being discontinued, Jefferson spent the next year in aiding his father on his farm. In his new situation, his diligence, fidelity, and cheerful acquiescence in the will of his parents, served to bring him nearer to their hearts. But his fondness for reading, in the intervals of labor, plainly showed them whither turned the bias of his mind. The wants of his body were indeed well supplied; but his inquisitive mind panted for something higher.

His former classical teacher having opened a school at Rocky Springs, in 1824 he resumed his studies. After having reviewed some of the Latin authors previously read; he entered on the study of the Greek language; and in two years became a correct Greek scholar. Now for the first time he viewed the word of life in its original dress. Or, to change the

figure, now he drank the water of life, as it flowed unmixed from its own pure fountain. Such, at that early period, was the prevailing bias of his mind, that he turned, with inexpressible avidity, from the sparkling wit of Horace, or the melting tenderness of Virgil, or the full flowing periods of Cicero, to the simple unvarnished story of Christ crucified. With a pleasure the classics never yielded him before, he read the narrative of the Evangelist John and that of Luke in his Acts of the Apostles. The time spent in pondering over these sacred authors, which he regarded as among his best days, gave him a more lively interest in gospel truth ; and laid the Bible nearer to his heart.

In 1826, M. P. Evins, Esq. declined teaching at Rocky Spring, on account of ill-health ; and young Pearson's studies were again interrupted for several months. His preceptor, on recovering his health, opened a school at Poplar Spring, which Pearson attended for five months ; and during that period reviewed his classical studies. Now with a heavy heart, full of grateful recollections, he bade adieu to his worthy and amiable preceptor, whose smile he had shared for four whole years ; and whose guiding hand

had led him through the fields and groves and along the streams of classic story. On memory's list of faithful, useful friends, among the highest, stood the name of Matthew P. Evins, Esq., engraved in characters which death could not efface.

His studies are now to cease for two whole years. The first of which (1827) he was employed on his father's farm; the second (1828) he was engaged as a teacher at Poplar Spring. In his own neighborhood, where his father had lived more than seven years, and where he had been a pupil at least four years, he is appointed instructor in the Poplar Spring Academy, when he had just completed his seventeenth year. This fact shows distinctly in what estimation his own neighborhood held his talents, his attainments, and his steadiness. Instead of disappointing he exceeded their expectations; and the hazardous experiment of that year more fully developed his character, and raised him higher in public confidence.

At the close of the year he resigned his station in the Poplar Spring Academy, in favor of Rev. J. L. Kennedy, with whom he prosecuted the study of the Greek language, and reviewed

part of the Latin classics. With the same teacher he studied Algebra and Geometry. A habit of fixed attention already acquired, close application increasing with the necessity that demanded it, an untiring perseverance that no difficulty could thwart, soon made him familiar with those sciences. Besides, his native love of truth gave him an exquisite relish for mathematical demonstration. Here he found truth, arrayed in her own simple dress, shining in her own peculiar beauties. In the progress of his studies, besides stated exercises in declamation, he wrote essays on a variety of subjects, and acquired the habit of expressing his thoughts with perspicuity and ease.

At an early period, Pearson became a member of a Bible class, under the care of his faithful and beloved pastor, the Rev. M. Dickson. Of all the classes with which he had been heretofore united, this was to him the most delightful. The moving narratives, the sublime doctrines, the divine precepts of the Bible, in their turns, occupied his attention; and were fixed in his memory, his mind, and his heart. This kind of intellectual, rather evangelical training, led him more carefully and profoundly to search

for truth, and to admire and love it more when found. His lessons were studied with unusual care, and deeply impressed on a retentive memory. Hence before he reached his twentieth year, he was familiar with every part of his Bible.

When the Bible class was succeeded by a Sabbath school, he was first a pupil, afterwards a teacher. In each situation, he manifested, in a high degree, the determined spirit of one who was resolved to become thoroughly acquainted with the whole of the word of God. He carefully observed and cheerfully discharged every duty growing out of his relation to the Bible class and Sabbath school. When a pupil he was not dumb, while the song of praise was sung. One of his juvenile companions recollects, that hearing Jefferson's voice, awakened in him a desire and determination to sing. The sight of a boy smaller than himself, fearlessly and zealously singing the praises of God, overcame his bashfulness: and thenceforward he followed his example.

When a Teacher in the Sabbath school, besides suitable remarks and explanations, he occasionally delivered appropriate and impressive exhortations.

CHAPTER II.

NOTWITHSTANDING his early acquaintance with the Bible and his correct moral habits, he did not join in the communion of the church, until he had entered on his twenty-first year. To use his own language, the cause of this delay was: "I do not recollect any one sermon, or any particular book, or any passage of Scripture, that has had more effect upon me than another. But if I have been rightly awakened, it has been by these and other means combined. Neither can I point to any particular *time* or *place*, *when* or *where*, a sudden change was wrought. If I am indeed renewed, the change has been gradual." He adds, "And I must confess, when I joined the Church, the exercises of my mind were not such as I wished them to be. The principal motive which prompted me to that act, was that I felt it to be my duty." As he knew neither the *time* nor the *place* of his conversion, he all along doubted whether he had been actually regenerated.

Hence he hesitated to join himself publicly to the disciples of Christ; until his touching command, "Do this in remembrance of me," came down upon his conscience and heart with a power which he could no longer resist.

When he attached himself to the church, no one doubted his piety but himself. So conscientious had he been from his infancy, so careful to avoid evil, so fond of retirement, so partial to his Bible, so much pleased with the company of the pious, that several judicious friends, who knew him intimately, conjectured that he was sanctified from his birth. This however was not his own opinion; for in searching for evidence of piety, about the time he became a member of the church, he says: "one thing I can observe, that my affections are set on different objects from those which once engrossed my thoughts. In this opinion he was confirmed, by a farther knowledge of himself and the character of a Christian delineated in the word of God. The year, in which Mr. Pearson joined the church, there was a revival at Nazareth. He attended every interesting meeting within his reach. He was deeply concerned, because he did not feel as others felt.

He longed to awake, amidst all the horrors of conviction. But to his daily regret, he remained in a great measure unmoved. He saw others alarmed first, and afterwards rejoicing in hope; and he devoutly wished to be of their number. He prayed for the terrors of conviction; but they came not. He expected to undergo some remarkable change; but he hoped in vain. The time of refreshing passed away; and left him, as he feared, among the unconverted. Then it was, that he was brought low; and, in the most profound humility, resolved to join himself to the Lord, in an everlasting covenant. This resolution was, no doubt, strengthened by the perusal of Dodridge's "Rise and Progress of Religion," which he had just finished.

I have been particular in recording these facts, not only because truth required them, but also because the experience of many others demands the encouragement they afford. 'The tree is ever known best by its fruit'; and piety is best proved by its daily influence over the heart and life. A conscientious regard to the Divine will in every thing, an habitual fear of offending, a deep sense of unworthiness, renouncing all merit in good deeds, a reliance on

Christ alone for salvation, an habitual and increasing panting after holiness; *these* are the only evidences of genuine godliness, on which any one ought to rely. If he know the time and place of his conversion, that knowledge will avail him nothing in his Christian course, without present evidence of piety. In the very nature of things, no Christian can rely securely on past experience, without present demonstrations of sincerity. It is beyond all doubt certain, that genuine piety will advance; if it advance, it will become more apparent; when it does not appear in the heart and life, its very existence is doubtful; in such circumstances therefore it would be unreasonable and perilous to depend on past experience.

Besides it is doubtful, whether there are any among professing Christians, who know *precisely* the moment of their regeneration. They can, perhaps, date the moment when the hope of eternal life commenced; but their regeneration might have taken place previously. Farther, at the time of regeneration, they are not so well acquainted with its nature and properties, as to be competent judges whether that change has passed on them. We may add, the change

effected is imperfect and not so complete as was anticipated; and therefore not so visible to the person who has experienced it as he desires. When, therefore, the renewed man looks back to the season of his conversion, he often fails to find all that lucid and satisfactory evidence which he wishes; hence he doubts about the *time* as well as the reality of his conversion. Moreover, the best and the most judicious Christians are the most apt to suspect the sincerity and reality of their past frames and exercises. For these and other reasons, there are doubtless found among the children of God, some who cannot point to the precise moment of their conversion. Among such, too, we often find the most humble, zealous, and exemplary Christians. Perhaps their compassionate Father, who knows their frame, has left them involved in uncertainty respecting the time of their conversion, that they may strive more constantly to make their calling and election sure.

About the middle of March, 1830, Mr. Pearson became a member of the church at Nazareth; before the close of the same month, he commenced writing a concise history of his past life: deeming it essentially necessary (to use

his own language) to keep a correct account of the principal transactions of his life, not only for his own satisfaction while living, but for that of posterity when dead. This sketch has furnished materials for the pages already passed over. At the same time he commenced a journal, which will form the outline of the Narrative for the two next years.

About this time, having heard an account of the College at Knoxville, Tennessee, which attracted his attention, with the consent of his parents, he was determined to repair thither immediately. This intention, however, was relinquished for six months, in compliance with the earnest solicitation of Dr. Evins, and several of his neighbors, to open a school in their vicinity. In this School his natural gravity, mingled with mildness and patience, secured the respect of all his pupils; and his unceasing concern for their intellectual, moral, and spiritual improvement, as readily gained their affectionate regard. The interest which the community took in the continuance of the school, is strongly evinced by an incident which occurred, that for a short time interrupted its progress.

When the house, in which the school was

kept, was consumed by fire, in a very few days a new one was erected. As there was a family living in the school-house, the school was opened at Mr. Lathrop's. In about two weeks after its commencement, the family occupying the school-house removed; the next day the teacher and his pupils took possession. The day following, which was Saturday, Mr. Pearson repaired to his school-house to make some preparations for the better accommodation of his pupils, the next week; but the building was reduced to ashes, and several of the neighbors were already engaged in preparing and collecting materials for a new one. On Monday the house was raised; on Tuesday completed so far that the school began its operations on Wednesday. Such a conflagration, in ordinary circumstances, would have destroyed the school, as well as the house. But this unexpected fire served only to warm the hearts of his friends; and give fresh lustre to the name of the modest preceptor.

About this time, a deeper interest in the welfare of the Sabbath school at Nazareth was generally felt by the members of the church;

a well selected library was procured, and Pearson was appointed librarian. This was an office which exactly suited his taste. It put in his hands a choice selection of books, suited at once to enlarge the mind and improve the heart of a young man, sincerely devoted to the service of his Redeemer. In the midst of his juvenile library, he had an opportunity at once of extending his researches after biblical truth, and seeing its power and glory manifested in the lives of others. During this period, he read the memoirs of Leigh Richmond with uncommon pleasure. This volume, I have no doubt, gave an expansion to his heart, which it had never felt before. The tract of the *Dairyman's Daughter* had already found a warm place in his bosom, which served, like the morning star, to usher in the bright sun which followed it. Closing the interesting volume, and clasping it to his heart, he said, "I will be Leigh Richmond." And many a prayer did he send to heaven, that he might have such a heart as Leigh Richmond had. It is thus, that a Brainerd produced a Martin, and a Richmond a Pearson. "One generation of the righteous passeth away, and another cometh. So true is the pro-

mise recorded amidst the annals of mortality : The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee. Abel is not the only departed saint, who, being dead, yet speaketh. Leigh Richmond, on earth, is no more ; but he yet speaketh. Jefferson Pearson's voice is heard no more, but his spirit yet lives, and yet speaks in the circle of his numerous friends, and in the congregations he once addressed.

Near the close of the last quarter of his school, he attended a camp-meeting at Nazareth ; and after the expiration of the term for which he had engaged to teach, he spent two days at another at Fairview. At these meetings he had pleasant fellowship with his Christian brethren ; and felt an increasing desire ' to spend and be spent for the Lord Jesus Christ.' They had also a happy influence on his mind, in relation to the separation which was about to take place between him and his father's family, on going to college.

He had, indeed, boarded from home, first at his uncle White's, when he attended Mr. Hadden's school, at Poplar Spring ; afterwards with Mrs. Evins of the same place. While at

Rocky Spring, he boarded in the family of Sheriff Miller; and also for some time at the house of Mrs. Moore, in the same neighborhood. But all this time, he was within the limits of the congregation in which he had lived from his infancy, and among his relatives and friends; it was in his power, also, to be at home at the close of every week.

But now he is about to leave his father's roof, to dwell for a time among strangers. His sister is now almost grown, and ardently attached to her only brother; his grandmother now lives in the family, and doats on her grandson; his father and mother love him, at the least, as much as parents ought to love a son: and Jefferson, from his heart, reciprocates all their sympathies. But he counsels not with flesh and blood. On Tuesday, the 19th of October, 1830, amidst a conflict of contending emotions, he turned his face towards Tennessee, and on the 23d, safely reached Knoxville. The roads and weather were fine, and nothing interrupted his progress; except an occasional pause to admire the stupendous works of God, and thence devoutly adore their more stupendous Author.

CHAPTER III.

MR. PEARSON arrived at Knoxville on Saturday evening, about the close of twilight. On Sabbath morning he awaked amidst the new scenes and prospects of a town, in which he expected for months to dwell. Never before had he dwelt within the precincts of a village. In the country he had been used to the stillness of the Sabbath morn, the pensive ramble in the forest; in the town, the confused murmur of many voices, the sound of busy feet of men and horses, and rattling of carriages, all conspire to discompose his spirits, and impair the solemnity of the Sabbath day. He looks abroad—much around him tells him there is no Sabbath *there*; but a few edifices, decent but not magnificent, remind him that the God of the Sabbath is worshipped there. The sun, diffusing his mild rays over the village, has nearly reached his zenith, when the sound of church-going bells invites to the house of prayer. To the gladdening sound, the heart of our youthful stranger

turns; he throws himself amidst the crowd, and with the moving current, reaches the temple of God. Now he feels at home. Many an humble, serious face, the proper index of a devout heart, taught him that the grace of God was not wanting there. Their features all were strange; not so their hearts. They seemed to feel as he had felt. In them, therefore, he began to feel an interest, which was much increased by that which, at the close of the meeting, was shown by some for him. His youthful visage, over which hung the shades of reverential awe, his fixed attention which nothing could divert, his straight-forward look, which seemed to look at "something beyond the world," awakened more than curiosity in the heart of many a stranger that day. As he slowly and gravely left the house of God, many an eye was turned on him, and often was the question repeated, "What good young man is that?" Soon he found friends in Knoxville. All pious hearts instinctively turned to him.

In about a week after his arrival, he entered the junior class in college, and pursued his studies with his usual perseverance and zeal. He soon gained the confidence both of the

faculty and his fellow students. The repeated reports of the former, show distinctly the estimation in which he was held by them. The fact, that within three months after he was united to the library society to which he belonged, he was unanimously chosen president, proves how much he was loved and respected by the latter.

But we turn from the diligent, conscientious, and successful student, to view him as the humble, devout, and exemplary Christian. Heretofore his piety was in a great measure locked up in his own breast. It appeared not before the world, otherwise than as it was seen in a uniform, conscientious, and unblemished morality. Taciturn to a fault, he never spoke of his experience. Like the sensitive plant, he instinctively recoiled from the hand that would dare to uncover the secrets of his heart. This excessive reserve sprung partly from his natural temperament, and partly from his strong aversion to ostentation. With the modest Cowper, he could have said truly: In my soul I loath all affectation.

But the dim, flickering lamp that shone within, is destined to brighten and shed its rays all around. Soon after his arrival at Knoxville, he

joined, in celebrating the Lord's Supper, with the First Presbyterian Church; and on the next Lord's day he enjoyed the same privilege in the Second Presbyterian Church. Both these seasons were deeply affecting to him. They seemed to turn his mind upon itself. They urged the searching question, Am I born of the Spirit?

Memory retraces the past, conscience inspects the present, fancy surveys the future. Imperfections, negligence, forgetfulness, ingratitude, mingled with numberless sins, crowd together. His present faith is feeble, his love languid, his hope faltering. Doubts on the whole prevail. He feels that something more must be felt, something more done. While thus agitated, a letter arrives from a distant friend, prescribing the very course he ought to take. He receives it as a message from heaven, and follows forthwith the salutary directions it contains. He now commences the habit of retiring every evening for *secret prayer*; which, according to his own confession, had been heretofore performed after lying down,—negligently of course performed! Now his anxieties increase, he is beginning to be in good earnest. It is indeed winter; the sun had nearly reached its solstice;

but the temperature of the season has not chilled the anxious heart of young Pearson. In a few days he comes to the resolution to rise before the dawn of day, to pour out his heart to God, in prayer. A duty which, he adds, he had before discharged before rising.

Now it was, for the first time, that he began to show strong symptoms of spiritual life. Outwardly indeed he adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour, in all things ; but within, there was a sad want of spiritual vigor and warmth. Religion may and ought to be cherished on the pillow. A pious man may truly say: I shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness, when I remember thee on my bed. But if, in ordinary cases, it rest there and proceed no farther, I fear it will slumber always. No wonder he heretofore, in religious matters, kept silence, for the fire did not burn within. In prayer he obtained relief and comfort. His lips were now opened. Out of the abundance of a full heart he could now readily speak.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW era now commences in the development of the character of Jefferson Pearson. Such a revolution took place in his heart during the winter of 1830 and 1831, that on my first perusal of his journal, I dated his piety from that period. One of his letters however, in which he refers to the period of his conversion, induced me afterwards to conclude that it had most probably taken place before he went to Knoxville. Besides, within a few months before his death, he had a free conversation with a particular friend, respecting his past experience, after which he was asked whether he supposed his conversion had occurred before or after joining in the communion of the Church? He replied without hesitation, "That if renewed at all, the change had taken place before that time." He added, "That truly his views were greatly enlarged, that his feelings were much more intense, his comforts much increased, while in Knoxville; but he notwithstanding believed, that he had previously similar views,

and feelings, and comforts, in a lower degree." In cases of this sort, with regard to himself, the judgment of a judicious man (and such was Jefferson Pearson) may be more safely relied on than that of any other.

He is thoroughly acquainted with his own views and feelings ; and the comparison between his exercises at different periods, is one which he alone can make. Hence we can safely confide in the opinion of an honest man, respecting his own experience and the probable season of his conversion. And hence we may conclude, that J. Pearson's judgment concerning the time of his conversion, was correct. This view, besides, corresponds precisely with the word of God, in which the commencement of piety in the heart is compared to a grain of mustard seed, to a little leaven fermenting in a large quantity of flour, and to the rising sun. "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." There is first the dawn, gradually brightening until the sun appears, then with steady pace he pursues his resplendent course, until in a full blaze of glory he reaches noon.

After some sharp conflicts, some painful

doubts, and distressing forebodings, young Pearson at length, most unworthy as he felt himself to be, fell at the feet of Christ crucified. Heretofore he had known himself but in part, and doubtless relied too much on his exemplary life ; now, acquainted with the evils of his heart, and feeling the burden of his sinfulness, he rested his hope entirely on the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world. The peace of God, that passeth all understanding, began now to take possession of his heart and his mind, in Christ Jesus. His hope was much strengthened by his intimate acquaintance with the doctrines of his Bible, and the habit which he about this time formed, of reviewing every evening all that he had thought, or purposed, or felt, or done, during the day. Being at once familiar with his own heart and the peculiarities of the character of a Christian, as found in the word of God, the Spirit of God began distinctly to witness with his spirit that he was a child of God.

The doubt about the reality of his regeneration being now quelled, and believing that God had called him by his grace, he daily becomes more fervent in spirit. Thenceforward it might

be truly said of him he was "a *devout man*." On one occasion we find him rejoicing that he occupies a room alone, that he may have full liberty to draw near to God, at the hour of retirement. When he has one or more fellow-students lodged with him in the same room, he retires morning and evening to the house of God, to vent the pious feelings of his heart in communion with heaven. Now truly the spirit of the gospel, and the spirit of Christ, inform and invigorate his whole soul. Now with regard to the events of the passing day or the occurrences of future life, he has but one question to ask: Lord what wilt *thou* have me to do?

He again resumes the employment of a Sabbath school instructor; and is among the foremost of those who are instant in season and out of season. Now he begins, in earnest, to desire to preach the gospel. Finding it glad tidings of great joy to his own heart, he longs to impart its consolations to others. Regarding Christ as his best friend, he wishes all around to admire, adore, and love him. He had indeed before hoped at some future period, to be qualified to preach the gospel; but now his whole heart turns to the blessed work. As a good and

dutiful son, he first consults his parents; and is gratified to find that their wishes accord with his own. Then, with proper respect for his first teacher, he communicates to him his feelings and views, asking at once for his prayers and advice. This letter containing this information leads us so directly into the heart of the writer, that we think best, by giving a full copy of it, to allow him to speak for himself. It is dated

“ Knoxville, Tenn. Jan. 1st, 1831.

“ DEAR FRIEND,—

“ I will now endeavor to comply with the request which you made before I left home, that I should write to you, stating my views with respect to becoming a minister.

“ In the first place, I must acknowledge a diffidence, which I have too often manifested, to converse on religious subjects. But at this time, I would fain cast it away, and try to lay open before you the secret operations of the heart: which I can venture to do with less backwardness by letter, than by personal conversation. But, I fear, it will be difficult to present to you a true account of the various doubts, fears,

hopes, and feelings, which agitate my mind. The subject of becoming a minister has occupied a chief place in my thoughts, since I became a member of the church, and in some degree before, without ever coming to a final decision. This indecision has rendered me uneasy; and does so still. On the one hand, the importance and responsibility of the office deters from, while on the other, a sense of duty urges me to, the undertaking. Fears arise, when considering such texts of Scripture as say, that the blood of the wicked who die in their iniquity unwarned by the priest, shall be required at his hands. Again there is encouragement in the promise that he who 'turns many to righteousness, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars, for ever and ever.'

"Sometimes I fear that I have not the true religion of Jesus, and should I become a minister, I would disgrace the office, act the hypocrite, and be as a goat among sheep. At other times I feel cold and indifferent on the subject, which serves to strengthen the above conviction. But when I consider the command: 'Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;'—and recollect, that to whom

much is given of him shall much be required, (though I would not boast,) I am constrained to say, Here am I, Lord! do with me whatsoever seemeth good in thy sight. Yet when I am resolved to devote myself entirely to the cause of Christ, then doubts arise whether I am doing it from pure motives, from a genuine love of souls and the glory of God; or for my own convenience, aggrandizement, and other selfish motives.

“If I were completely decided, and could believe that I was chosen of the Lord to the work of the ministry, I would be contented. Conscience would be at ease. I would have an object in view in pursuing literature, which would render my studies delightful. Nevertheless, I would expect to meet with persecution from the world; which, however, is of small weight in comparison with the consolation, that the Lord has pronounced a blessing on those who are reviled and persecuted for his sake.”

Then follows the extract already made from this letter (page 24), in which he speaks of his uncertainty about the precise time of his conversion.

While thus deeply engaged in spiritual affairs, he was incidentally betrayed into a fault, which gave him much pain. When he was about to purchase a pair of shoes, which were offered to him for two dollars, without sufficient reflection, he replied he could obtain as good a pair for one dollar seventy-five cents. The merchant, without hesitation, permitted him to take them at that reduced price. On retiring to his room and carefully examining the shoes, he was convinced that they were worth more than he had given for them; and was extremely mortified, that the whole transaction had the appearance of falsehood and covetousness. Immediately he confessed his sin before Him whose eye is on the heart, at the same time imploring his aid, to give him courage to acknowledge it to the man whom he had injured. He rose from his knees, repaired to the store, candidly confessed his fault, and made ample restitution.

This indeed was a small incident; but it fully lays open a heart in which there was no guile. In the estimation of many, the offence was so small, that it would seem to indicate a sickly delicacy of moral feeling, to notice it at all.

But let it be remembered that the smallest grain of sand can form the big tear in the most vigorous eye. The vapoing hero would promptly say, it was a *degrading act*. But magnanimity herself may defy him to do any thing greater, with his club, his pistols, and his dirk.

That is *great* that is registered in heaven,—in the annals of the brave; that act is great, however it appear on earth, that shall be had in everlasting remembrance. A Washington acknowledging his error to an antagonist, who had retorted it on him with his uplifted cane, is a figure that will far transcend in comparison the diminutive Burr scowling with a vengeful eye on the ruins of the fallen Hamilton. Among little dastardly souls, that have not courage enough to confess a fault, our Pearson rises, as the lofty oak over the meager shrubs, that dwindle in its shadow.

This bitter incident proved haply beneficial afterwards. It led our soldier of the Cross into the most secret folds of his heart, in pursuit of evils which might lie there concealed. In this narrow search, he made discoveries which filled him with horror. From the monstrous forms of iniquity which now appeared, he shrunk back

aghast! Of that sad day he thus pathetically speaks: "During the day my thoughts were turned on sin, from which my mind recoiled, feeling that if I had a proper sight of sin, it would take away life. Such feelings, however, had I on this occasion, that my strength failed and I was ready to faint." Among the evils which that day brought to light, was spiritual pride; which had been probably his besetting sin. Such was the purity of his morals, that it was natural enough to make flattering comparisons between himself and others. The above mentioned occurrence had a happy tendency to level all such towering conceits. Three days after, he says with a sigh, "I continued to feel the burden of spiritual pride; which consists in thinking myself better than others; and the want of humility, which consists in thinking favorably of others and lowly of one's-self." Now he feels in every nerve and fibre the worth of a Saviour. Hence he winds up the paragraph quoted, by the most natural inference: "I had also a desire to trust all to Christ, and nothing to myself."

Then might Pearson have said truly: when I am weak, then am I strong. Weak indeed in

native power, but strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus.

About this time another instance of moral courage occurred, which ought not to pass in silence. While reclining on his bed at night, he discovered that, in an adjacent room, some of his fellow-students were engaged in playing cards. So deeply impressed on his heart was the command, 'Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbor and not suffer sin upon him,' that he could not close his eyes in sleep until, having sought aid from Heaven, he had repaired to their room and fearlessly reprovèd them. This was not an ebullition of enthusiasm; it was a deliberate act. It was not the reckless hardihood of insensibility; it was the delicate consciousness of one, who would not needlessly set foot upon a worm. In the mild, patient, unoffending Pearson, it was the heroic deed of a Christian.

CHAPTER V.

THUS passed the winter session of 1830 and '31. Of our young Christian it may be well said: he was "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." In literature his progress was steady and reputable. In self-knowledge, in the science of salvation, his proficiency was still more apparent. Among the seasons of his life, that winter holds a distinguished place. It brought to light a character which had heretofore sought the shade of obscurity, and dwelt there. It may be regarded not as the winter, but as the spring of his spiritual existence. Now bloomed the flowers, which were an earnest of future fruits.

Having received a letter from his father, expressing a wish that he would spend the spring vacation at home, at the close of the session he was in readiness to depart for South Carolina. On the morning of the first day of the vacation, which was Thursday, he left Knoxville, and on the Tuesday following arrived at his father's house. This was prompt indeed!

At every step he felt the attractions of home! But did he, in his haste, violate the Sabbath? No! When the Sabbath came, it found him at rest. Both his conscience and his heart revered the will of the Supreme; and he did "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." And in its successive returns, he remembered it always. His were Sabbaths indeed!

On this journey, our traveller met with but one occurrence worthy of being recounted here. On the second day, he overtook a stranger on the way,—a young man like himself. A few interchanging looks, as they moved along together, raised the hope, that they were verily travelling the same road, and had a higher destination in view than any one on earth. There is a sympathy in souls. Theirs met, almost before they were aware. They had a common friend; that friend was Jesus, and through him their spirits met. They understood the language of Canaan, they spoke it; and their hearts burned within them by the way. They parted; but they remembered the feelings of that hour: for they had made a deep impression on their hearts. They parted; but it was in the hope of a better meeting. Pear-

son is on his way home. The thought of home quickens his pace. He is ready to sing as he hies along:

“Home! sweet home!

There’s no place like home!”

His father, his grandmother, his mother, and his sister are, in fancy, all before him. Oh, the extatic hope! he will soon embrace them all! But amidst these anticipated raptures, one dreary thought, like a dark cloud, spreads over his mind, and all is gloom. Ah! he sighs, ah! beloved home; but there is no family altar there! His heart aches, while he dwells in sadness on the tremendous imprecation of an inspired prophet: “Pour out thy fury on the heathen, and the families that call not on thy name!” It is like the thunder of Sinai to his melting heart. With an eye raised to Heaven, imploring aid, he resolves, that this blasting imprecation shall, if possible, be averted from his beloved home. But what can he do? He respects his father profoundly. He is a youth without experience,—and diffidence itself. But something must be done. It is HE demands it, “who giveth power to the faint; and to them who have no might, increaseth strength.” His purpose is fixed;

but he looks upwards for support. He arrives at home; all is gladness around. Tears flow apace; but not such as sorrow wrings from the heart. The sun is near the western horizon, about to leave the earth in the shades of night; and his departing rays remind Jefferson of the family altar. He had said within himself, it must be erected this night. But how? Who will do it? Or who will make the proposal to do it? On this all-absorbing subject, he had not thought alone. His mother's anxieties corresponded with his own. The proposal comes from her. The family assemble. The Bible appears, the song of praise is sung, and Jefferson prays. Before, he had prayed in the silent chamber, in the solitary church, and in the shady forest; but he now prays in the midst of those he loves, and verily pours out his full heart to God. That prayer is remembered still, and remembered too with tears. It was an answer to prayers, which none but God had heard. And a charming earnest of a bountiful supply of "a spirit of grace and of supplication." Here was a little group mingling hearts together, which Heaven saw with pleasure.

Having had, through the grace of God, resolution enough to pray in the family circle, he now entreats his father to assume the office of priest in his own house, and offer himself the morning and evening sacrifice. His arguments are powerful and convincing; they go through the mind, they reach the heart. And arguments of such a son, on such a subject, must have reached the heart. There were great difficulties in the way. His father lived on a public road, and frequently had company. But his son modestly maintained that those difficulties could be surmounted, and strongly hoped that, by the grace of God, they would be. To him it appeared to be inconsistent to make a profession of religion, without a vigorous and persevering resolution to confess Christ before men (when duty required it) on all occasions, and at all times.

Having entered into the spirit of the temperance reform, he was very solicitous that his father should become a member of a temperance society lately established at Nazareth; and thus agree to banish all intoxicating liquors from his house. In relation to this subject he thought *much*, prayed *often*, and held several

conversations with his father. So prudent, so respectful, so persevering were his efforts, that they finally prevailed. Through his instrumentality, his father, at length, became a firm and zealous advocate of temperance. After an experiment of more than four years, he still rejoices in looking back to the revolution wrought in his views at that period by the salutary influence of his son.

The following address, delivered first in a debating society at Knoxville, of which he was a member, will show clearly the reasons why he was so zealous a patron of temperance and temperance associations. The question discussed was, "Are temperance societies calculated to answer the purpose for which they were intended?"

"The purpose of temperance societies is evidently to promote temperance and counteract the evils of intemperance, and thereby promote the happiness of man. To show that they are calculated to answer these purposes, let us draw a parallel between the evils of intemperance and the advantages of temperance; by doing which we will be prepared to judge whether or not temperance societies, on the principle of

entire abstinence, are calculated to root out the evils of intemperance and advance the happiness of man.

“Intemperance destroys health and comeliness, property and reputation, friendship and domestic tranquillity. All these are preserved by temperance. The one destroys the mind; the other improves it. The one converts a man into a beast; the other makes him more a man. The one shortens life; the other prolongs it. Such a contrast might be lengthened out to almost any extent. But this is sufficient to prove that temperance associations are calculated to promote the welfare of men, if they can *check* or *repress* intemperance.

“But perhaps it will be said that a temperance reform may be brought about by individual abstinence, without any associations. To this I would reply, that individuals, while standing alone, exert comparatively but little influence. But let them be united in a society, and their influence will then be felt individually, collectively, and effectually, in the community to which they *belong*. If an enemy should invade our country, would it be a wise policy to suffer every individual to march by himself, meet the

enemy where he pleased, and fight him in his own way? By this means the enemy would have to contend with a disorganized few, and might march through our country, conquering and wasting wherever he might turn. But different would the case be should we enlist ourselves into companies, unite our strength, and meet the foe on the borders of our land. He would then feel our power, and be driven back in confusion and dismay. Apply the simile. *Intemperance*, our common enemy, is now stalking abroad through our territories, slaying our citizens, confiscating their property, making widows and orphans, and leading captive at his will all ages and ranks. And shall we give our silent consent to such outrages? But how shall we stop the career of the destructive foe? How, but by uniting the soldiers of temperance, and counteracting his movements at every step? This is the only sure method to expel him from the land.

“The very opposition raised against temperance societies is a full proof that they are calculated to answer the purposes for which they were instituted. Why do men oppose temperance societies? The reason is obvious; they

fear they will accomplish their design. If there was no room for this fear, there would be no opposition. If those who distil and sell ardent spirits, and get gain thereby, did not fear that their craft was likely to be brought to naught by temperance societies, they would not lift against them their voice. If those who have been so habituated to intemperance that they are unwilling to abandon the habit, did not fear that temperance societies were about to bring their practice into disrepute, they would not endeavor to check their progress. Why oppose them at all, if they regard them as entirely impotent and harmless? Therefore, opposition to temperance societies only proves more strongly their adaptation to compass the end for which they are *established*. That plan of reform that meets with no opposition from the vicious and profligate, is likely to originate in an impure source, and will have little efficiency. But that which arrays against itself the whole strength of the misguided world, is most apt to emanate from pure principles, and will be in no danger of being overturned. This problem is solved in the existence of Christianity; no religion has ever met with such power-

ful and persevering opposition; yet it prevails, and will prevail until it regenerates the world.

“Let us next consider the aid which temperance societies do and will receive.

“1st. They *receive* and *will receive* the aid of all true patriots. When he who loves his country looks abroad over his native land, and sees the desolating effects of intemperance in every direction; when he views hospitals and poor-houses filled with drunkards; when, by computation, he ascertains the expense of ardent spirit used in the United States, the time lost in drinking, and losses and expenses otherwise incurred, would pay the national debt, support besides the government of the United States, and that of every other State in the Union; on the mere principle of economy, will he not endeavor to root out this mighty evil? Certainly he will, and more especially when he perceives that the expulsion of ardent spirits, besides freeing his countrymen from many enormous evils, will render them more contented, more wealthy, and more reputable. Therefore, temperance combinations will receive the aid of all genuine patriots: and if they have *their* influence, they must prevail; for our patriots are many, and they are mighty.

“2d. They will obtain the aid of the temperate. When the temperate man contemplates the drunkards who surround him, and recollects that they were once as sober as himself, and once thought as he does now, that they would never become sots, but, by habitual moderate drinking, were at length drawn into the vortex of dissipation; when he seriously reflects that he occupies the same grade in which they stood but a few years since, and that if he persist he will be inevitably conducted to the same end, and, in all probability, his posterity after him; will he not turn while there is hope, and resolve to banish spirits from his house? Certainly he will. Therefore, these societies will be sustained by the temperate. If so, they must flourish; for by the temperate, drunkards are often supported, on them they frequently sponge, and from their number their ranks, thinned by death, must be supplied; for they do not commonly live out half their days. Therefore, if the temperate and the moderate drinkers adopt the plan of entire abstinence, the whole race of tipplers will soon be extinct.

“3. Temperance associations do and will receive the aid of all respectable females. Ladies

(for none others deserve the name) always have been temperate, and *always will be*. Intemperance they instinctively abhor, "'tis object of their implacable disgust." All the unkindness and cruelty of every other sort which they have suffered from our sex, will not equal the amount of abuse and suffering which has been wantonly heaped upon them by drunken fathers, drunken brothers, drunken sons—but worst of all, and "nature's foulest blot"—by drunken husbands! On this account they *do*, they *will*, they *must* lend their aid to the temperance cause. It would be idle presumption to conjecture otherwise. Whoever has carefully observed the influence of lovely woman, must confess that the society which has her warm patronage must live, must flourish.

"4. The temperance reform does and will receive the assistance of Christians. He who wishes to see the church flourish, and at the same time sees that nothing removes men farther from religion than drunkenness, must give his influence to temperance societies; and especially when, in the Bible, his law-book, he sees drunkenness enumerated in every black catalogue of crimes, and condemned almost on

every page. And will a million or more Christians in the United States add no weight to the cause of temperance?

“5th. Temperance societies receive the aid of Heaven. It is evident that Heaven approves or disapproves of temperance associations. Heaven approves of temperance; therefore, cannot disapprove of the most effectual means of promoting it. If God does not approve of the temperance league, then he approves of the conspiracy against it. Would, then, any one assume the responsibility of saying that the Lord of hosts is on the side of those who deride and decry the temperance cause? To this momentous affair, be assured, the Lord God Almighty is not indifferent; he has stretched out his arm, and he will protect the societies formed for the express purpose of subduing contempt of his authority, and giving efficacy to his own laws; and what he defends must prosper.

“Let us now take a hasty survey of what temperance societies have already done. This is another method by which we may determine whether or not they are able to accomplish their design. They have already drawn into their circle the honorable men and leading characters

of our nation. Statesmen have declared intemperance to be destructive to the best interests of the state. Physicians have pronounced it to be injurious to health, and have recommended temperance societies as the best remedy for the alarming evil. Against it ministers have lifted up their voice, and opposed to it all their sanctity. Against it distinguished lawyers have plead, and against it venerable judges have passed sentence. Eloquent editors have written against it; and the press, which is a powerful engine in governing the minds of the people, is generally employed in the cause of temperance. Merchants have tapped their hogsheads, and committed their contents to the bowels of the earth. Distillers have uncapped their stills. In whole villages in the United States not a gallon is to be found. Less spirits by one third are now consumed in the United States than were before the formation of these societies. They have been established in every State in the Union. They have reached the West India Islands. They have penetrated to the fur traders of the north-west. Their light has beamed on Europe; in Great Britain, Ireland alone numbers more than one hundred

societies. They are also extending their influence over England and Scotland. The United States has enrolled more than a thousand, and more than a hundred thousand members. How long have temperance societies been engaged in accomplishing this mighty work? A hundred years? No! not fifty, not even ten. The whole has been done in the short space of four or five years! If temperance societies have effected so much in their infancy, what will they not do when they have reached their maturity?"

CHAPTER VI.

WHILE spending his vacation in South Carolina, one day, when engaged in reading, meditation, and prayer, in a lonely retreat in the woods, one of his father's colored boys came to him. After conversing with him, and praying for him, he dismissed him, feeling a very strong desire that he might be converted, and be prepared to go as a missionary to Africa. Thenceforward for sable Africa, and all her sable descendants, he felt a bleeding concern. Every colored man he met had a share in his sympathies. Every where was he regarded as the warm friend of Africans.

His spring vacation having nearly elapsed, after devoutly looking up to heaven for protection on his journey, he turned his face towards Knoxville. To beguile the tediousness of the way, as well as to exert a salutary influence wherever he was, we find him at one time distributing tracts, with appropriate remarks; at another time engaged in pious conversation

with an elderly lady, at whose house he spent an evening. On another occasion privately he rebukes the driver of the stage in which he travelled, for profane swearing; and having shown him the third commandment, strongly urges him to blaspheme no more. Having arrived at Knoxville, he continued to prosecute the studies of the junior class, with the addition of the Hebrew language. About this time, his heart began to pant for the pleasures and perils of a mission in a foreign land. For the salvation of pagans, he felt a strong solicitude. To their sorrowful condition, his heart turned whenever he bowed before the mercy-seat. His thoughts, by night and by day, were spread over the wild forests of America, as the moral deserts of Asia, Africa, and the isles. He knew that he had a father, a mother, a grandmother, and a sister at home, whose powerful sympathies would, if possible, bind him there. His heart was indeed theirs; but he had given it to One, whose right was paramount to theirs. It belonged, without reserve, to Him who issued the command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." Day by day, he renewed his purpose to be the Lord's

alone. His heart told him that his home would be where the Lord would send him. To him, all climes and regions would be alike, provided the gracious presence of God attended him there. With such emotions as warmed the heart of the psalmist, he could now say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee." With his eye and his heart fixed on the wretched abodes of degraded idolators, he sought the counsel of Heaven. Hoping at length, that God would send him far off to the gentiles, he is solicitous to acquire every qualification, requisite to make him an enlightened, zealous, and successful missionary. With this view, he commenced the study of the Hebrew language, that he might more thoroughly understand the truths of revelation, more entirely enter into their spirit; and above all, be prepared, if it were the will of Heaven, to translate them into a foreign language. Under the influence of such a motive, it need not be said, that he gave his whole heart to this new and interesting study.

Already in his estimation the Bible was a venerable book; but his heart dilates with an

unusual veneration, when he views it in its own simple attire, through which its native majesty best appears. Then it was, that he understood the whole force of those strong expressions, in relation to its value: "It is better than gold, yea, than much fine gold; sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb."

The spirit of Missions, which now began to expand his bosom, induced him to view with compassion the condition of the colored people of Knoxville. They had a Sabbath school, conducted by one of themselves. They very much needed the aid and superintendence of a prudent, skilful, and persevering instructor.

Having previously learned that there was no law of the land prohibiting the instruction of colored people in Tennessee, and having obtained the consent of the superintendent of the Sabbath school in which he had for some time acted as a teacher, he cheerfully entered on the self-denying employment of instructing and managing the African School. Another perhaps would have asked, Will not my connection with the African School sink me in the estimation of others? But public opinion had no influence over his decisions when determining what should

be done or what should not be done. In a letter from Carolina, even his father lifted up a warning voice and entreated him to beware! But he had taken his stand. He was determined to obey God rather than man. To his compassionate heart, his new employment was entirely congenial. His first appearance in the African Sabbath School convinced him that he had a hearty welcome there. Many a grateful glance, and many a countenance expanded almost to a smile, assured him of a warm reception there. The hymns which he sung, the prayers which he offered, the affecting exhortations which he delivered, all gave him access to their hearts, and with one accord they pronounced him the friend of the black man. On every returning Sabbath he shared more of their confidence, and many a token of their respect and affectionate regard did they give him. In their esteem and improvement he had an ample compensation for the contemptuous smile of the petty coxcomb. In many an African bosom in Tennessee, his humble, compassionate, and dignified deportment in the Sabbath school, is remembered still; yea, such an impression has it made on many hearts, that it will never be forgotten while memory lasts.

About this time, our young brother was assailed by a temptation which much harassed and perplexed him. When meditating one day on the fall of man, it occurred to him that God could have prevented it;—if he could have prevented it, he ought to have done it. Then the query arose, since he did not prevent it, how could he be just in punishing that which he ought to have prevented? This view and the query arising out of it, he regarded as his own; and charged himself with downright rebellion against God. Deeply did he mourn, because he could not at once repel a cavil, so unjust to God, and so painful to himself. And more bitterly did he lament that it had ever found its way into his mind. When fully persuaded that he abhorred the rebellious thought, and loathed himself for having entertained it for one moment, he was still more agitated by the fear, that the blasphemous vagary which had given him so much torture, was an alarming indication of approaching insanity. This fear was more than doubled by the recollection of a case of derangement, which he had not long before witnessed. In the midst of these tormenting anxieties, he betook himself to fasting and

prayer. Peace returned, and the tempter fled. This stratagem of Satan put him on his guard; when assaulted the next time, he raised the shield of faith, whereby he was able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. At the time of this sharp conflict, Jefferson thought he stood alone; but he afterwards learned, that such trials often befel the most devoted servants of God.

In this painful exercise we see a Christian indeed, one who abhorred the thought of doing for a moment the least injustice to God. Such a man, we may readily believe, would take a deep interest in every thing that relates to the welfare of the church and the glory of his Redeemer. The heart of such a man would of course bleed at the sight of dissensions among Christian brethren. Being himself taught of God to love the brethren, he would naturally, and indeed necessarily, conclude that all genuine disciples of Christ loved each other. He remembered well who had said, "hereby shall all men know that you are my disciples, when you have love one to another." With these sentiments warm in his heart, he viewed almost with agony the jealousies and animosities that subsisted between

two churches of the same denomination, located in the same village. To him it appeared to be incomprehensible, that those who loved the same Saviour, entertained the same hope, and expected to meet in the same heaven, should fall out by the way. To reconcile Christians to each other, he therefore thought would be no difficult task. With all the promptitude of charity, with all the dexterity of prudence, with all the patience of perseverance, he formed and prosecuted the design of conciliating the contending parties. In this project of charity, he associated with himself a young brother, to whom he imparted his own views, and whose heart beat in unison with his own. They called to their aid the lights of reason and the charity of the gospel; and at a stated hour they asked counsel of God, and implored the love-inspiring Spirit of Heaven to descend on the jarring churches and heal their strife. Pearson, having had the counsel of a brother, and having looked to Heaven for direction, next makes known his views and wishes to the pastors of the churches; and afterwards to their leading members. This is done with all the winning modesty of a young, inexperienced Christian; yet with all the gra-

vity and firmness of mature age. He is not regarded as a forward intruder; his views and feelings are treated with respect. Kind and encouraging assurances are given him, on both sides. Harmony he hopes will be restored. He next matures his plans of union. Their wisdom and beneficial tendency are not called in question. But our young brother now learns, that the spirit of the world was not entirely cast out of the Church. That there are numbers connected with it who have not learned to be 'kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven us.'

Having heard about this time a lecture on the parable of the tares, he had fresh evidence, every week, that they grew abundantly in the Church, and he was farther convinced that to them might be ascribed most of the divisions of the Church, which fell under his observation. This was indeed disheartening; but still he persevered. He had, it is true, gained over many Christian hearts to his scheme of union: but they were peace-makers; and by a fear of increasing division, they yielded, for the present, to the opinion of those, whose business in the Church is

to perpetuate discord. Our peaceful brother had fully embraced the opinion that religion would languish until peace was restored between the discordant churches, and that a revival of genuine godliness could not be expected before they agreed on some plan of union. Hence, in hope, he believed against hope, and was not weary in his labor of love, though difficulties increased at every step. Though his plans were in a great measure abortive, yet they led him into a more profound acquaintance with human nature; served above all to awaken his own zeal for the glory of his Redeemer and the purity of the Church. They indeed diminished the scope of that charity which "thinketh no evil"; but they enlarged the compass of that charity which "suffereth long and is kind; which endureth all things; and likewise hopeth all things."

Having introduced family worship in the house at which he boarded, and having associated prayer with all his other employments, and believing that all our lawful employments are sanctified by the word of God and *prayer*, he next proposes to the literary society of which he was a member, to open its several meetings

by devoutly imploring the benediction of Heaven. The resolution, which he offered on this subject, did not pass; he therefore modestly requested a dismissal. After some hesitancy, a dismissal was granted, upon the condition of his delivering a valedictory address.

With this condition he cheerfully complied, because it afforded him an opportunity of urging and persuading the members of the society to embrace the gospel as the basis on which to found their faith, their hope, their morals, and their comfort.

This withdrawal from the literary society was not a hasty act; for a considerable time it had occupied his thoughts, and he had repeatedly sought direction from Heaven. "Having been (says he in his journal) for some time in doubt whether it was my duty to remain in connection with the society, I at length concluded to determine it by a kind of lot, such as this: that if it were the Lord's will that I should remain, that he would cause such a circumstance to take place; but if not, that he would prevent its occurrence. This method I had recently employed in a doubtful case, and thought that I was directed aright; and I also

humbly hope that in the last instance I was led to adopt the proper course." On this method of seeking the guidance of Heaven he makes the following comment: "I am not prepared to say that this manner of trying to discover a duty is perfectly right. It certainly is not, where the duty is already plain, or can be discovered by the individual in the Bible. But I think where a person is really in doubt about what he ought to do, and actually wishes to discover the will of the Lord in order to do it, and will thus fix upon some event uncertain to him, and as apt to take place as not, and will pray earnestly and in faith to be directed aright, that he will *be directed aright*. This is acting somewhat similar to the apostles in casting lots between Joseph and Matthias."

Having lately read a treatise on diet, and having observed that his mind was more vigorous after certain kinds of food, he began to make experiments, in order to ascertain what kind of nutriment would be most congenial to mental improvement. With regard to the liquids connected with his diet, he observed that coffee and tea were stimulants, milk a sedative, and that water held a kind of neutral rank be-

tween the two. To decide this matter he appeals to Heaven by prayer and 'the casting of a lot.' In his Journal, (Aug. 1st, 1831,) he makes this record: "Endeavored to discover whether it was the will of the Lord, or not, that I should drink only water for breakfast and supper; and tried it for each, by prayer and dropping a piece of money. At each trial, the money lay with that side up which I had proposed should indicate his will that I should drink water at those meals." After the experiment of one week, our self-denying Christian began to feel some loss of animal spirits, and began to call in question the propriety of the course he had adopted. To settle the doubt, he has again recourse to 'lot'; and of this final trial thus speaks: "Endeavored again to discover the will of God respecting my diet, and requested that the matter might be finally decided, and that I might do that which would most tend to promote my health, the good of my soul, the salvation of the souls of others, and the Redeemer's glory and cause; and that I might delight to do his will, whatever it might be. Whereupon, as before, I tried whether it was the will of the Lord to release me *entirely*

from the obligation under which I felt myself to drink water at breakfast and supper. From the piece of money thrown up I received the answer, No! Again I tried the question, Am I to confine myself constantly to this course? Answer, No! Again tried; and requested that the matter might be put entirely to rest, and that I should submit to his will either way; that I should drink temperately of coffee or tea, or any other liquid set before me, ardent spirits excepted, or whether I should drink water only for breakfast and supper. Received the answer Yes, for drinking temperately of whatever came before me, spirituous liquors excepted.

Thus ended this dubious affair, and our young Christian, taught by experience, resorted to such a doubtful expedient no more. His last reflections on this subject, are these: "I am beginning to doubt the propriety of this method of proceeding; but I am disposed to think, that in all cases that are really perplexing, a Christian may obtain direction from Heaven, if sought in the right way. I believe that no Christian will often go wrong, if he will pray, read the Bible, and follow the dictates of an enlightened conscience." With regard to the

whole transaction he afterwards has these remarks: "I might have discovered my duty in relation to my diet, without resorting to any other means than reading the word of God, with prayer. My time would, no doubt, have been better spent in endeavoring to obtain suitable food for my soul." This whole affair presents our young brother in the attitude of a conscientious Christian, whose "failings leaned to virtue's side." It also exhibits a candor which could acknowledge, and a resolution which could reform an error.

Amidst these austerities, in which our young brother seems almost an anchorite, we would be ready to conclude, that his heart was beyond the reach of female attraction. It was indeed strongly guarded; but it had within emotions, which female delicacy, and meekness, and piety could stir. As a student his intercourse with young females was highly exemplary. His course was prescribed, and from it no female charms could draw him. But his heart often reminded him, that he could not resist those attractions always. The following ode written in Miss R.'s album may be regarded as a speci-

men of his taste and the natural bias of a heart
that female worth could captivate:

Daughter of Time, thou hast been made
By the Almighty hand :
Here thou wilt stay till Death has laid
Thee with the silent band.

Thy soul will then pass to a state
Of endless bliss or woe ;
Know, this or that will be the fate
To which thou hast to go.

Altho' thy birth is from on high,
Yet he who caused our fall
Would charm thee from thy native sky
To sin's enticing thrall.

But thou hast chosen the good part
To sit at Jesus' feet ;
And learn of him, with humble heart,
Temptations how to meet.

Repent each day of evil deeds,
Complete your heavenly race,
Root out by prayer all noxious weeds
That choke the seeds of grace.

Renounce all false morality,
Thyself on Jesus roll,
Love him with every faculty
Of body, heart, and soul.

Devote thyself unto the Lord
With all thou art and hast,
And live by faith upon his word,
And hope for heaven at last.

May God, the Father and the Son
‘And Spirit of all grace,’
The mighty Three combined in one,
Smile ever on thy face.

About the commencement of autumn he had a very affecting view of the poverty and emptiness of all his best deeds. This discovery was rendered more painful by the apprehension that he had run into some of the excesses of superstition, and had placed too much reliance on his supposed good works. Himself now and his good deeds too he renounces with abhorrence, that he may rely exclusively on Christ crucified, for pardon and justification. In this temper he wrote the following stanzas in Miss T.’s album:

Tho’ thrones and kingdoms, states and powers,
And all the world, were justly ours,
And we should freely them bestow
To feed and clothe and warm the poor ;
Yet, we must lean on Jesus.

Tho’ we should pray from day to day,
In sorrow and repentance stay,

On Sabbath at the church be found,
And gladly hear the gospel sound ;
Still we must lean on Jesus.

Tho' we forgive and pray for foes,
Relieve their wants, grieve for their woes ;
Tho' friend and foe and all should share
Our love, and sympathy, and care ;
Still we must lean on Jesus.

Tho' we should keep all the commands,
And preach the gospel to all lands,
We must not rest upon our deeds,
For they indeed are broken reeds ;
And we must lean on Jesus.

Altho' our bodies may be burn'd,
Without the love of Jesus learn'd,
We shall not see his face in peace ;
The flames of torture will not cease,
Unless we lean on Jesus.

May Jesus give us crowns of gold,
With kingdoms, bliss, and joys untold :
Then we shall ever sing the song
' The glory doth to thee belong ;'
And still will lean on Jesus.

Having received a letter from the Rev. M. Dickson, his beloved pastor, requesting him to be at the meeting of the Presbytery of South Carolina, in order to put himself under its care

in reference to his preparation for the ministry,—having learned that there were several revivals in his native State,—and being informed also that a camp-meeting was appointed at Nazareth,—Jefferson, towards the close of September, became exceedingly anxious to return home. But his solicitude places him in a most painful dilemma. On the one side, the commencement in college is near; and on the other, the time of the meeting of Presbytery is at hand. If he wait for the commencement, he cannot attend the Presbytery; if he meet the Presbytery, he must unavoidably be absent at commencement. He prays earnestly for direction. He at length concludes that it his duty to return immediately to Carolina. There is now, in his view, but one difficulty in the way: he has not consulted the faculty, nor yet obtained leave of absence. With unusual earnestness he makes application to the president, and receives a prompt denial. After passing a melancholy day, he determines to renew his application. He writes a respectful petition, which was presented the next day to the president, together with his letter from Mr. Dickson, and a newspaper containing accounts of revivals in Carolina. The papers

were returned with a positive refusal, and an intimation, that our zealous Christian "was running into enthusiasm, and in danger of being entangled in an error that would lead him far astray." To this touching insinuation, which entered his heart like a dagger, he meekly replies, "Perhaps this is the fact." He was aware that he did not fully know himself; and he always had the most profound respect for the experience-taught wisdom of age. He cheerfully submits. He regards the president of the college, for the present, as occupying the place of a father; and feels bound to obey. All his strong sensibilities he sacrifices at the shrine of duty; and waits patiently for the close of the session. The ultimate decision of the president he receive as an indication of the will of Heaven: and his mind and heart are now turned intensely to the preparation of a speech, to be delivered at the exhibition, on Divine Revelation. Most importunately does he pray, that it may be made a blessing to many. In his heart he feels, that if his presence at commencement can be a spiritual benefit to any, he can cheerfully forego the advantages and pleasures of attending the meeting of Presbytery. Mr.

Pearson did indeed submit patiently to the will of the faculty, respecting his continuing in Knoxville to the close of the session; but he now begins to pant for a greater degree of liberty. Without disputing the right of the faculty to detain him, or without passing a shadow of a censure on its decision in his case, he forms the resolution to leave college, and finally bid adieu to Tennessee. His unbound spirit could not brook the imprisonment of a literary institution. So spiritual had he become, so much was his heart drawn towards heaven, that he had no longer any relish for studies that were not directly connected with the science of salvation. After commencement he returns home, with the intention of pursuing such a literary course, as would in his opinion most directly fit him for usefulness as a herald of the cross. The only apology that he offered for this procedure was, that he was entirely indifferent about the honor which cometh from men, that his only care would henceforth be to be thoroughly qualified to preach the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ.

If in this the devotees of literature will say he erred, notwithstanding every pious heart will

readily pardon an error, that seemed to flow directly from entire devotedness to God. If in the sight of God, the supreme judge of the heart, his departure from a regular collegiate course was not an offence, but an act that merited his high approval, notwithstanding, being *a rare case*, it deserves rather to be admired than imitated.

The advocate of a learned ministry he always was. On this subject, his journal presents the following observations, soon after his return to Carolina:—"If it was necessary for the Apostles to follow the Saviour three years, who was the most perfect teacher who ever appeared on earth, in order to learn his doctrines, how much more is it now necessary to devote several years to divine study, before we assume the office of a minister, since we have not the advantage of being with the Saviour in person! If the gift of tongues was necessary for the Apostles, it is also necessary for us; therefore we should spend sufficient time to learn the different tongues, which will be most useful,—unless we can obtain them miraculously, as the Apostles did, which is not to be expected now."

CHAPTER VII.

ON Thursday, the 13th of October, he left Knoxville in the stage, and turned his face homeward. When he arrived at Newport, the stage running to Ashville was gone. Without much hesitation, he came to the conclusion to pursue his journey on foot. Friday and Saturday he moved forward distributing tracts as he proceeded, until his whole stock was spent. At Ashville, he sought in vain for a recruit. How much was his heart afflicted when he parted with the last of these little companions of his way! And how much was he disappointed, when he learned that he could not at Ashville obtain a fresh supply! Now he concludes that by some other method he must do something to advance the spiritual welfare of every one whom he meets on his way. The Sabbath rises with its sweet beams on our weary traveller; and on the third day invites him to rest. He remembered the Sabbath day, and kept it holy. Of this fact we have in his journal only this

simple record:—"Rested,—and felt quite thankful for the Sabbath." On that day he was among strangers when the Sabbath found him ; but he was not alone, for the Lord of the Sabbath met him there. On Tuesday he arrives at home. Home is now doubly dear to him for two reasons : distilled poison appears no more on his father's sideboard ; and, his sister having lately obtained a hope and made a profession of religion, he now regards the whole family in the delightful condition of that of Bethany, of which it was said, " Jesus loved Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus."

He looks around on his beloved home, and asks what more can be done to make it the charming residence of the Friend of sinners. His father's family he trusts is now a part of the household of faith ; but the servants he fears have no inheritance among them that are sanctified. His compassion bleeds for their sorrowful condition " without God and without hope in the world." He finds them in " darkness in the region and shadow of death." Immediately he devises and steadily pursues a plan of instruction. The colored people are regularly gathered around the family altar. While a

chapter is deliberately and devoutly read and sometimes explained, all the children capable of comprehending any part of it stand arranged in a circle about him, giving a profound attention. After the prayer, during which they devoutly kneeled, they rose in their several places, and answered questions proposed from the chapter just read and explained. Custom soon made this method of instruction delightful; and their improvement was soon apparent to all. A minister of the gospel, who witnessed the efficacy of this scheme of instruction after it had been in operation for one year, was astonished at the readiness and judgment with which the proposed questions were answered. Such profound attention, such orderly deportment, he had never before seen among the same number of children of any family. Such is the power of manner! An affectionate manner, proceeding from a feeling heart, will usually gain the hearts of children. Over those little hearts Jefferson seemed to have complete command, around the family altar.

In his return from Knoxville, Jefferson had, by losing an opportunity of going in the stage, saved about ten dollars. He asks his father, if

he will give him the liberty of appropriating that sum to any object he pleases. His father readily consents; he in a few days sends it to Charleston to be laid out in tracts, for distribution in his own district.

To his pastor, he next submits the plan of reading religious news to those persons who came with the children who attended the Sabbath school. The Sabbath school was carried on in the church, before the morning service commenced; and being in a country place, the parents and other members of the family came with the children. For such as were necessarily present, and were not immediately employed in the Sabbath school, he hopes by the plan suggested, to furnish profitable entertainment. The scheme was admirable; and were there Sabbath schools connected with all our country churches, and this plan appended to them, what an amount of good might be done! The people thus becoming acquainted with the state and prospects of the churches, which are flourishing like the palm-tree and growing like the cedar of Lebanon, would feel a generous emulation kindling in their hearts. Becoming familiar with the benevolent operations of this

age of benevolence, their hearts would expand in a noble charity, and the benediction of the great philanthropist, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy,' would move and meet their whole souls.

There is another class of hearers who frequent our churches, which Jefferson supposed was too much neglected. The descendants of Africa always occupied a tender place in his heart wherever he found them; but it was natural that he should feel a peculiar solicitude for those of his own neighborhood, among whom he had dwelt from his birth. He next proposes to his reverend pastor to furnish them with some appropriate instruction. To him it appeared, that, in most of Presbyterian churches in the South, they seemed to look on professed Christians with an eye that would say, 'No man careth for my soul.' In his opinion, to overcome their indifference, it was necessary to conquer our own. He firmly believed that they would never feel an interest in us, until we felt and manifested a deep interest in them. With his views his reverend friend at once concurred. At a convenient hour the colored people assembled, and heard the doctrines and precepts of the

gospel from one whom they had known from his youth. The first ingredient in his familiar addresses was compassion, the second simplicity. By the latter, he approached their minds; be the former, he drew near their hearts. His method of instruction taught them that Presbyterians have hearts which can melt in commiseration over the black man. Him they always loved. His memory will ever live in their hearts. The mention of his name still expands many a dark bosom; and many a falling tear tells how much he was loved.

At Nazareth the black man is treated as *a man* still; and he is glad when they say to him, "Come, let us go to the house of the Lord." Mr. Pearson's maxim no doubt is true: "Treat them as immortals, and they will treat you as immortals." No one was ever farther removed than he from that reckless fanaticism that seeks the emancipation of the African at the risk of his ruin; but no one ever more ardently desired to bestow on him the liberty of the gospel, and make him 'Christ's free man.'

Soon after his return to his native state, we find him diligently employed in the prosecution of his studies. To the daily perusal of the Bi-

ble in the original languages, he now adds natural and moral philosophy, and theology. And to his former devotional exercises he now adds heavenly contemplation at the hour of twilight. Thus was he obviously growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

His theological studies he commenced under the direction of the Rev. M. Dickson, who resided about one mile from his father's house. At the urgent request of many friends, and with the approbation of his parents and pastor, he resolves to spend one Sabbath in each month in the vacant church of Pacolet, to aid in their religious exercises. In an extract from his diary of Feb. 1832, we may distinctly learn the manner in which his time is spent. "Commenced a plan of study, of which I trust the Lord will approve; and in which, I hope, he will enable me to persevere. But if the method be agreeable to his will, may all the honor redound to himself, who inclined me to adopt it.

"The plan is this: when I rise in the morning, first address the throne of grace, read a Greek Harmony of the Gospels, first translate a verse, then endeavor, by the aid of the Spirit,

to understand and improve it to my spiritual benefit. Then read the Notes at the end of the Harmony, by examining the verses quoted endeavor to discover the harmony of the gospels, and improve in every way possible; this exercise to be continued until breakfast, Then read one hour in Natural Philosophy. The next hour to be spent in work, or some corporal exercise equivalent. Next read Hebrew, (two hours,) both critically and practically. Then address the throne of grace; after which ten or fifteen minutes will be spent in the consideration of some duty, which I am inclined to think I may be required to perform. For example, should I become a missionary? or what is and what is not a violation of the Sabbath? In all such queries seeking divine teaching, as the only method of reaching a satisfactory result. After this, four hours are to be taken up in reading some system of theology. (If dinner consume a part of this time, the time thus lost will be added to the four hours to make up the complement.) Then will follow another hour of bodily exercise. After which various other matters will be attended to, as may be most suitable and convenient, such as reading

news, tracts, poetry, history, &c., or sometimes writing; all winding up with family prayers, after which the black children are to be questioned and instructed on the chapter read. Before lying down, the throne of grace is again to be addressed; and fifteen minutes to be employed in heavenly contemplation, looking for divine assistance therein. Eight hours will be allowed for sleep. Sun up, the latest hour for rising.

“On Tuesdays and Saturdays, by agreement with Mr. Dickson, I repair to his study to pass an examination, receive instruction, consult commentaries or works on theology. Then return home in time to commence my four hours’ study of theology, unless necessarily detained. The Sabbath is to be devoted sacredly to the exercises peculiarly belonging to it. Before the public exercises of the church, the Union Questions may be studied. After coming from church, I will go to the young men’s prayer meeting; the rest of the evening to be spent in various religious exercises. The third Sabbath of every month will probably be spent at Pacolet. And likely a part of the Saturday before and Monday after will be con-

sumed in going and returning, unless in peculiar circumstances I can be convinced it is my duty to go and return on the Lord's day. But may the Lord of the Sabbath direct me in this matter, and never suffer me to violate the Sabbath day ! The first Monday in every month will, if the Lord permit, be usually employed at the court-house, in distributing tracts. Occasionally, also, other public days will be devoted to the same purpose. In this business, I will perhaps, at times, employ a substitute." These regulations he dismisses with the following devout reflections : " May the Lord enable me to improve the time as it passes, and spend all to his glory. The above, with any other improvements that may be added, is the manner in which I hope the Lord will strengthen me to spend my time ; except it should please Him to prevent it by sickness or some other providential interference. May He give me health, and make me grateful for it ; and incline me to improve it to his glory. May He dispose me so to act, as not to need chastisement to excite me to do my duty. But when He sees it best for me, may He give me faith and patience to bear it as a disciple of the 'man of sorrows': I ask it in the name of Jesus. Amen."

What, you may ask, was it that gave so much value to time in his estimation? It was, we may say without doubt, its connection with eternity. As a proof of this, and as a specimen of the manner in which he closed the day, take the following contemplation,—dated Tuesday evening, Feb. 28th, 1832. “Conceive, O my Soul, if thou canst, the length of *eternity*! Let a particle of dust and a drop of water stand each for 999,000 millions of centuries. Let that immense number of centuries be multiplied by every particle of dust in the whole globe. Let that product be multiplied by every drop of water, each drop representing 999,000 millions of centuries. Double this number; and afterwards multiply it by itself, and you will produce an overwhelming number. One which the power of calculation cannot reach; one which no language on earth can express. But will this be eternity? No! It will not be as much, in comparison with eternity, as the smallest particle of dust is in comparison with the whole globe;—but infinitely less. For after this flux of centuries, there would remain an eternity still undiminished, ever-during. And, I can add, this description of the length

of eternity is infinitely fainter, in comparison with what it really is, than the light of a candle is fainter than the light of the sun. To ease the burden of conception, and sum up the whole: eternity is that which has no beginning, and no end!! O! eternity! eternity!! The amount of eternal happiness how vast!! of eternal misery how great the sum!!! Oh! my Soul! my Soul! may you escape the one, and enjoy the other, through the riches of grace in Christ Jesus my Lord! Amen."

This gigantic conception of eternity was constantly blended with every recollection of God, of himself, of immortals around him. It attended him in the discharge of every duty; it was mingled with every motive; it prompted to every act. I had almost said, it appeared in every step;—it was visible in every feature.

He who had such an enlarged and enlarging view of eternity could never be idle. To such a man, three score years and ten to labor for eternity appeared a point indeed. Our young Christian needed no premonition from Heaven that his transient stay on earth would little exceed the third of that short account, to awaken every power and stir every nerve in the work

of the Lord, in the weighty concerns of eternity. In his judgment, cleared by the light of immortality, a hundred, nay a thousand years, was a contracted span compared with ever-during eternity.

On the third Sabbath, as contemplated, we find him at the Pacolet church. After the customary previous exercises, he read a sermon, on "The way to bliss." After which, (to use his own language,) "I strongly recommended Sabbath schools. At the close of the religious exercises, I presented a subscription paper for the purpose of raising a Sabbath school library; I was delighted and encouraged when the paper was returned to me with the amount of fifteen dollars subscribed. My impression was that the Lord had opened their hearts; as the church is small, the people in moderate circumstances, and not trained to liberality. Therefore, I found my unhumiliated heart ready to swell with pride, on account of what was done. I instantly prayed, that I might, with disgust, reject all praise bestowed on myself, and earnestly desire it all to be given to the Lord."

Within a month, the money for the Sabbath School library is collected, and sent with a let-

ter written by Mr. Pearson to the agent of the Sabbath School Union of Charleston; pleading that the Sabbath School at Pacolet might be regarded as an auxiliary to the Sabbath School Union, on the easiest terms possible, in order that books might be received at the usual discount allowed to auxiliaries. Also entreating that every thing that could be spared would be sent gratis,—especially pictures, if any such were on hand, illustrating Scripture history. In all this we see distinctly the features of Him who while on earth went about doing good.

Being a truly modest young man, when our Southern Christian conceived the idea of delivering lectures on the Shorter Catechism every month, at Pacolet, he must have felt a tremulous movement throughout his nervous system. As this thought first rose on his mind, he feared to entertain it; but was afterwards encouraged to proceed by the aid which he perceived he might obtain from Dr. Green's and Ridgeley's Lectures on the same subject. An additional inducement to pursue this course, was, that he would be thereby completely digesting a system of theology, and preparing himself to be, in the

best sense of the word, an 'orthodox divine.' After these reflections, the subject is mentioned to his highly-esteemed pastor, who gives his sanction. Pearson, having obtained the consent of his heart before, and now having the support of his conscience, with all the diffidence of humility, but with all the firmness of resolution, addresses himself to his work.

How he felt on this subject, and others intimately connected, will appear from the following letter to two young friends at Knoxville, which you have almost entire—dated March, 1832.

"DEAR FRIENDS,—

The Giver of every blessing continues to administer to all my necessities, blessing me especially with health and contentment. You, I doubt not, have also experienced his goodness in every respect, if it should be even in sickness; for he sends every chastisement for our good: whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

"Since I arrived at home I have unexpectedly fallen into a new and important station. The teacher of our Academy, having removed to Georgia, left three vacant churches, one of which he and some other friends have engaged me to attend monthly.

“With the approbation of our pastor, I have commenced delivering lectures on the Shorter Catechism. My inexperience in this work will lead me to rely entirely on divine aid. The best and most experienced minister depends altogether on the Lord Almighty for success in his ministerial labors; how much more do I need help from above, who both in wisdom and experience am but a child.

“The Academy at Poplar Spring, which Mr. Kennedy left, is now occupied by Mr. Dickson, our pastor, with whom I am studying theology. I have finished Moral and have nearly completed Natural Philosophy. I have read carefully the first volume of Horne’s Introduction, and about one third of the first volume of Ridgeley’s Body of Divinity. I read slowly, pausing often, striving to understand every thing fully as I advance, and fix all in memory. Besides, three or four hours every day are occupied in the study of Hebrew or Greek. The ministry is an important undertaking, for which we should be well prepared, both in piety and literature. Mr. D. has in his Academy four promising young men, who are looking forward to the ministry. We have a prayer meeting every Sab-

bath evening, at which we trust the young plants of grace are nourished and strengthened. The utility of such a society you know, I trust, from experience. The sweet brotherly devotions we enjoyed together in the retired grove, were certainly not in vain. And although the particular object for which we entreated did not seem to be granted at the time, our prayers may yet be answered by copious showers from on high. I hope your petitions still continue to ascend together. Though but two in number, you can claim the promise made to two or three. Let your request be that the blessing may descend immediately. And when you pray believe that you receive, and you shall receive. Perhaps it was here we erred before, in not asking in faith for an immediate blessing.

“I long to know whether the two jarring societies, for whose union we prayed, are likely to be reconciled. I verily believe that it is their disunion that hinders a revival in those churches. The Spirit of the Lord dwells not in the midst of strife. Use your utmost endeavors to effect a reconciliation. Young as I am, I would send them a reproof, if I could, that would reach their hearts. You may tell them,

from me, that if they love their own souls and the souls of others, and want to follow Jesus, they will forgive and pray for one another. If they do this, each will be willing to suffer wrong rather than prolong the contention, and their mutual prejudices will be swallowed up in love. Tell them farther, and tell them plainly, that He who on the cross prayed, 'Father forgive them, they know not what they do,' looks from his high throne, with displeasure, on their strife. He points yet to a little child, and says to them 'Except ye become as this little child, you shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.'

"In our supplications let us not forget the pagan world; and let us use our endeavors to supply them with the gospel. I would enjoin it on you both, to inquire whether you are not bound, *yourselves*, to carry the gospel to the the heathen. The command of the Saviour and the claims of the world are before you.

"Give my respects to Dr. Coffin; the paternal advice and caution which he gave will be remembered with gratitude, as the means of guarding me against error (page 84). Let the Doctor read this letter.

Yours affectionately,

A. J. PEARSON."

The last paragraph is recorded with peculiar pleasure, as the spontaneous effusion of a heart in which resentment could not lodge, and as a delightful exemplification of the heaven-descended adage, "Reprove a wise man, and he will love thee."

The lectures on the Catechism which were delivered at Pacolet were sometimes written out, sometimes bare skeletons were formed: from those of the first kind we make a short extract, as a specimen of the manner in which they were composed, and as a disclosure of the high motive by which their author was governed in all he did or said.

"In all we do, we should have a single eye to the glory of God. Before we enter on any important business, before we even buy or sell a piece of property, we should ask ourselves whether or not it will promote the declarative glory of God. Perhaps that which we spend for property we do not absolutely need, should have been given to some benevolent object, which would have tended to advance the cause and glory of the Redeemer." Of him, all who knew him well would with cheerfulness say: "Whether he ate or drank, or whatever he did, he did all to the glory of God."

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE our student of theology is conscientiously pursuing the course he has prescribed for himself, he finds leisure to write letters to the pious, to urge them forward in their heavenly career, remind them that angels will soon be their companions, heaven their home, and the universe the sphere of their action. To the thoughtless, insisting that they were constitutionally designed to reflect on things beyond the reach of sight; and therefore to bound their views by the horizon of this world would be criminal and perilous. To the vicious and profligate, warning them that the race they were running would end, if pursued, in temporal and eternal ruin. To friends of tract-distribution, to quicken their zeal in the holy cause, and guard them against being weary in well-doing. To superintendents and teachers of Sabbath schools, to awaken all their energies in behalf of the rising generation, the hope of the future Church, as well as of our growing republic. To the friends of temperance, persuading them

to distinguish themselves, as benefactors of the present generation, by employing the most vigorous efforts, to restrain from complete vassalage those who were likely to become the hopeless slaves of intemperance. In a word, his mind, his heart, his hand, his voice, and his pen, were ever ready to aid and defend whatever tended to promote the temporal and eternal happiness of man.

In the midst of these noble employments he anticipates an approaching period of deep interest to his heart. Stern winter passes away; lovely spring begins to send forth its bland zephyrs; and all nature revives. But our student of theology is not charmed as he once was with the expanding foliage, the budding flower, or the fragrant breath of spring. Another season is near, which has awakened anxieties which enchanting spring cannot lull. The spring session of the Presbytery of South Carolina is drawing near; and he, if his purpose fail not, is about to announce himself as a candidate for the gospel ministry. He is about to tell the ambassadors of Jesus Christ, assembled in his name, and by his authority, that he believes he is born of the Spirit, and moved by the Holy

Ghost to seek the most sacred office on earth. His conscience tells him that he must now give lucid proof of his regeneration, and ample evidence of his being called of God, as was Aaron. In deep solitude, where no eye can see him but God's, he reviews his life and searches his heart on his knees. The agitation of his spirit subsides in a heavenly calm; he gives himself afresh to the God of his salvation, and pants for a full unction of the spirit. He meets at length the ministers of Jesus Christ, and feels that he stands on holy ground; he is introduced to the Presbytery by Mr. Dickson as one who desires to be under its care; the moderator turns his eye towards him, invites him to approach and take a seat; he rises, and his heart beats more quickly; he draws near as one whose solemn air and deliberate step tell whither he is going; he is gravely seated, and, while inclining a little forward, as if involved in deep reflection, the profound silence is interrupted by the voice of the moderator, gently requiring him to give a brief narrative of what the Lord had done for his soul, and then concisely state the reasons why he desired the sacred office. Rising to an attitude more erect, with a modest confidence,

he proceeded to describe the exercises of his heart, from which he humbly trusted the Lord had called him by his grace. He mentioned no appalling terrors, nor did he speak of celestial raptures. He had nothing extraordinary to relate. The sum of all he could say was, that had he any righteousness of his own, he would renounce every shred of it, and trust exclusively in the Lord Jesus Christ for a free and full salvation; and were the whole affair left to his own choice, he would be saved in this way, and in no other. From his heart he desired that Christ should have the whole glory of his redemption. With regard to the sacred office, he deeply felt his unworthiness, and greatly feared that he would fall far short of its high responsibilities: yet he as strongly felt that no other employment could ever suit his taste, and, like an ancient servant of God, he could say from his heart, "Yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." He had, indeed, heard no voice from heaven, he had seen no vision; no remarkable impulse had taught him the will of the Most High: yet did he fully believe that nothing on earth could make him so happy as to honor Jesus, promote the spiritual

welfare of the Church, and save souls from death. We verily believe he could have added with truth, "I would rather honor Christ than be myself honored. I would rather bring sinners to Jesus than rule empires."

After a few questions were proposed to him, and satisfactorily answered, he was permitted to retire; when Presbytery unanimously agreed to receive him, in the hope that, as the Lord had blessed him, he would make him a blessing. When called in, he modestly and gratefully heard from the lips of the moderator that he might regard himself as a candidate for the gospel ministry, under the care of the Presbytery of South Carolina. As a matter of course, the usual parts of trial were then assigned him. Next day he had an opportunity of holding Christian fellowship with the ministers of the sanctuary, the ruling elders of the Church, and a numerous concourse of private Christians. To him this was a solemn day. He feels now that he sustains a new relation to the ministers of Christ. He has placed himself directly under their care. He has now a deeper interest in their hearts. He will be remembered in their prayers. He recollects also that the eyes

and hopes of the Church are turned towards him. On that day many a petition, he trusted, rose to Heaven for him. With these views, and with corresponding feelings amidst the assembly of the saints, he took his seat at the table of the Lord. In circumstances so moving to the pious heart, with such awakening recollections, he renewed his covenant with God, and gave himself to *Him* and the Church *forever*.

Thus passed the winter of 1831 and '32; and thus passed the succeeding spring, summer, and autumn. What, in the months preceding, our young brother was, with little variation he continued to be through the residue of the year. Whatever difference might be discerned arose from his continual improvement. His was truly the path of "the just, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

To those who understand the benign influence of real Christianity, it need not be told that our student of theology was a patriot. Just so far as he was a Christian, in the same degree was he a patriot. The love of country early rose in his bosom. In his heart the heroes of the revolution were cherished with singular

veneration. The bare mention of the names of Washington and La Fayette used to kindle a glow of patriotic ardor in his expanding features. In his anticipations our country was destined to be not merely the home of the emigrant, the asylum of the oppressed, the birth-place of philosophers, of historians, of poets, and of orators; but, most of all, the theatre of grace, the empire of Emanuel. With this partiality for his native country, and amidst the brightening prospects of glowing fancy, what must have been his disappointment and grief when he almost apprehends the rupture of those federal ties which bind these States together! More than once the visions of the night presented to his disturbed imagination the gory fields of battle. The political contentions of his own State most of all mortified and harassed him. In those contentions he bore no part but that of a peace-maker. With this view, he matured and wrote the following "Plan for redressing our grievances and uniting the contending parties of our State."

"As sin is the cause of every evil that comes on man, let us commence by extirpating it as far as possible.

“1st. Let both parties unite in keeping the Lord’s day holy.

“2d. Let both parties unite in electing righteous rulers, men who fear God.

“3d. Let them unite in putting down infidelity, error of every sort, and vice of every kind, and in fostering religion and morality.

“4th. Let us unite in treating our slaves humanely ; especially avoid, when possible, separating husbands and wives, parents and children. Let us teach them the gospel fully. If we bring them completely under the influence of the doctrines and precepts of the gospel, this will prevent them at once from injuring themselves or us. Let them know that the Bible contains the will of the Great God ; let them learn to reverence the sacred book ; let them be judiciously taught that it contains the command, ‘Servants, be obedient to your own masters,’ and you will at the same time soften their natural ferocity, and make them contented with their lot.

“5th. Let both parties unite to spend their surplus funds in the erection of factories, by which we will both ward off the evils of the tariff and at the same time enrich our State.

These are 'peaceable remedies.' That the Lord may put it into the hearts of all concerned to adopt this plan, is the prayer of

"A. J. PEARSON."

To the next meeting of Congress he looked forward with particular solicitude, apprehending that the political dissatisfaction arising in the South would then come to a crisis. In a letter to a friend, he utters this fervent prayer: "Oh! that the Lord would preside in our councils, and dispose our rulers to enact righteous laws, just and equal for each State." To the same friend, with regard to the contest then pending, he observes, "After praying to be directed, I have resolved not to join either party. This appears to be my duty, because when a minister joins one party, his preaching is not acceptable to the other; therefore, I do not wish to join either, or do any thing to injure the gospel; and it is very probable when I become a minister, I will have many opportunities of addressing both parties."

This was, indeed, entirely consistent with the character of one who was a follower, and who expected to be a minister, of Him who had affirmed "my kingdom is not of this world."

In this dignified neutrality he steadily persisted, although, at the approach of an election, his beloved father endeavored to induce him to violate it. Meekly, but promptly, he assured him that he could not comply with his wish, assigning his reasons with so much conscientious firmness and force, that he was at once convinced that his son was in the right.

About nine months after he began to deliver lectures to the church at Pacolet on the catechism, a revival of religion commenced in that place, that greatly cheered his heart. An account of this time of refreshing, we find in a letter to the Rev. J. L. Kennedy, their former pastor, dated,

"Spartanburgh, So. Ca., Nov. 26, 1832.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—

"I have more good news from Pacolet. On last Friday week, Mr. M. went with me to Mr. W. J——'s, and preached at night; after his sermon I delivered an exhortation. We saw clearly that the spirit of the Lord was moving on the hearts of the people. Saturday was a cold rainy day; notwithstanding the little church flocked together. At night Mr. M—— preached

again at the house of Mr. W. J——. On Sabbath the anxious were called. When they began to approach in greater numbers than were expected, professors old and young wept for joy. At night the house of Mr. M'B—— was crowded; and all could not get in. Mr. M—— delivered an excellent lecture on the parable of the ten virgins; I again followed with an exhortation. Mr. M—— then requested professors to kneel, in order to pray for the anxious; he then requested the anxious to kneel: before he finished making the request, they began to kneel in the back part of the house;—and immediately the whole assembly, as far as we could perceive, was prostrate on their knees begging for mercy. Mr. M—— and myself spent Monday in visiting families; and he preached at Mrs. J——'s at night. On Tuesday he preached at the church. The anxious were again invited; and the elders told us that all in the house who were not professors, either came or tried to come to the anxious seats, except one. Mr. M—— preached again at the house of Mr. W. J—— at night. Next day we passed in family visitation; at night we went to the Baptist church. There was an over-

whelming congregation. Mr. L—— preached, and Mr. M—— exhorted; at the close of the meeting, a great number kneeled down to be prayed for. This is a hasty sketch of the meeting. There are many things more that would gladden your heart, could I relate them all. All things were conducted orderly, and there was no excess in any of the meetings.

* * * * *

“After the congregation was dismissed at Mr. J——’s on Tuesday evening; he and his family all seemed to be rejoicing together—two more of his children, a son and a daughter, entertain a hope. Mrs. J—— affectionately requested me to give you an account of the meeting: and most cordially added with tears in her eyes, “it would do you so much good.” I repeat, Oh, that I could tell you all the interesting circumstances of the meeting! In all that region, there is scarcely a family to be found, in which there are not some anxious or some rejoicing. Oh, that I could give you the names of all the anxious, that you might remember them severally at the throne of grace!”

CHAPTER IX.

THAT revival resulted, it is believed, in the sound conversion of many who will never forget the prayers and exhortations of A. J. Pearson. Soon after the close of this interesting season, his worthy pastor removed to Georgia. The editor of these memoirs had, about one month previously, located himself at Fairview, in Greenville District, with the hope of regaining his health. After Mr. Dickson had resolved to leave Nazareth, he was invited to visit that church. This invitation he concluded to accept; and, accompanied by two of the elders of Fairview, he repaired to Nazareth. The first evening he spent at the house of Mr. Dickson, who was on the eve of departing to Georgia. That evening, he had the first sight of the subject of these memoirs. About the close of twilight, with two or three books in his hands, he entered Mr. Dickson's house. After an introduction, Mr. Pearson took his seat, and sat in silence. The conversation that had been interrupted by

his entrance, proceeded; but the eyes of the writer of these pages, were fixed almost exclusively on him. There was nothing remarkable in his person or his features; but he was the very image of simplicity, sincerity, and meekness. His eye was not keen and searching, nor did it seem to radiate beams of transcendent genius: but it indicated habitual thoughtfulness, and profound reflection. Had one met him in a forest, he would have regarded him as a student. Had he first viewed him in a large assembly of strangers, he would have recognised in him a saint.

Soon after the departure of his pastor, Mr. Pearson removed to Fairview, to pursue the study of theology, under my care. Every day's observation confirmed my first impressions respecting him; and brought him nearer to my heart as a conscientious, firm, and zealous follower of the Son of God.

As a student of theology, he was diligent almost to excess. The theological course which he pursued, completely engrossed his mind and his heart. In his studies, he was aided chiefly by *Medulla Markii* and *Ridgely's Body of Divinity*. Twice every week he recited a portion

of the New Testament, carefully and critically studied ; which he was able thoroughly to analyze. As often, and in the same manner, he read a part of the Old Testament in the original language. Four times in the week he discussed some point in theology. After which I proposed questions connected with the subject, allowing him the liberty of doing the same. On Friday he gave a concise view of the opinions of one or both of the above named authors, respecting some of the more abstruse doctrines of theology. Having a very retentive memory, and a natural promptitude in the acquisition of languages, he read both Hebrew and Greek with accuracy and ease. As he had known the Scriptures from a child, and read them frequently with care and delight, there was no part of them with which he was not familiarly acquainted. Hence could he, after a little reflection, collect, arrange, and repeat all the passages, by which any doctrine was supported. Respecting all the parts of the Bible which to him appeared obscure, besides examining the original languages, he had consulted several of the best Commentators. It was his custom, when reading the word of God, if any paragraph

occurred, which he did not fully understand, to mark it and keep a memorandum of it, never dismissing it, until his inquisitive mind found rest in some satisfactory exposition. His clerical friends, who knew him intimately, will recollect some of the numerous questions which he proposed to them, on such subjects. Thus "did he study to show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed; rightly dividing the word of truth." To this custom he was not prompted by mere curiosity; he was solicitous to know the whole revealed will of God, that it might influence and shape his mind and his conscience, his heart and his life; and through him extend its gracious power to others.

At Fairview, he lodged with Mr. P. The situation was retired, the family small, and every thing agreeable to his taste. But there was one thing wanting. The little family circle did not bow around the altar of God. Diffident and reserved, like himself, Mr. P. hesitates to mention the affair. On the other hand Mr. Pearson knows not how the proposal would be received, if made by him. At length a sense of duty constrained him; he delicately suggests

the matter to Mr. P.—he readily assents,—the family is collected, and the worship of God is introduced. Thus, like the patriarchs, wherever our young and devoted Christian dwelt, he erected an altar to the Lord.

At the opening of the spring of 1833, there was a Sabbath school established at Fairview, which enlisted the feelings of the whole congregation; and was conducted with more spirit and success than perhaps any other institution of this kind, on this side of the Potomac, located in a country place. Of this Sabbath school Mr. Pearson was appointed superintendent. The influence of the prayers which he uttered, and the addresses which he delivered, abides yet on the hearts of almost all.

As usual, he felt a deep concern for the spiritual welfare of the people of color. Having obtained the permission of the session of the Church, during the summer season, he frequently assembled them at the stand; from which he delivered exhortations, which brought them in greater numbers to the house of God; which taught them, in some degree, to reverence the Sabbath day, to respect their owners and themselves. The influence which he exerted over

them is still visible among them. In the affectionate remembrance of many, he still lives : and some, I trust, will yet ascribe their first impressions to his compassionate zeal. Before the close of the year, having obtained my consent, he returned to Spartanburgh, to gratify an aged grandmother, to pursue his studies in the bosom of his father's family, amidst retreats endeared to him by fellowship with God,—to watch over the spiritual interests of his father's colored people ; and, most of all, to be within reach of his dear little flock at Pacolet. The same course of study, with very little alteration, he continued at home, which he had commenced at Fairview. He still considered himself under my care, though we seldom met more frequently than twice a month, at the stated times when I preached at Nazareth. During the winter, his spirit was unusually devout. An affection of the head, which assumed some of the symptoms of one which at an early period had threatened his life, made him to feel more entirely his dependence on God, and the vanity of all human attainments and prospects.

This indisposition turned his mind more entirely than ever to a foreign mission. As far

as I know, this subject was not mentioned to more than one person until his recovery, when he ventured to intimate it to myself. He was bent on going to Columbia at the opening of spring (1834). His father had labored, to no purpose, to dissuade him. He still persisted, though the roads were extremely bad, and the season rainy and exceedingly unpleasant. While I was expostulating with him on the risk there would be in exposing his feeble health at that uncomfortable season, to show that he was not obstinate, he informed me that he believed that God was calling him to occupy some station among the heathen ; and that he wished to visit Columbia, to obtain information on that subject, before the meeting of Presbytery.

I thought, by all means, he ought to decline going to Columbia at that period ; and advised him to obtain the information he needed by letter. He yielded to my counsel, and remained at home.

Now he becomes more intensely devout than ever. His whole soul is fixed on the great work in which he expects soon to be employed. He has almost in readiness his closing trials, to be exhibited before Presbytery at its next meeting,

and but two short weeks intervene. As the intervening time elapses, each day finds him nearer heaven. Oh, how much grace does he now need! In his trembling heart he asks, "Who is sufficient for these things?" And nothing could have induced him to advance a step further, had not his mighty Redeemer assured him "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and "Lo! I am with thee always."

The destined, interesting moment at length arrives. Having been now two years under the care of Presbytery—having passed through an examination on the sciences and ancient languages, on theology and ecclesiastical history—having given several specimens of his capacity to expound the Scriptures, in exegeses, lectures, and sermons, the last of which was delivered in public; and having, above all, given testimonials of his good *moral character*, his *experimental acquaintance* with religion, and his being *called of God* to assume the sacred office, and all having met the hearty approval of Presbytery;—the moderator rises from his seat: before him stands the pensive candidate, with a countenance, every feature of which told the responsibility of a herald of the cross. In

answer to questions proposed by the moderator, he makes a public profession of his faith. The venerable moderator then, surrounded by his brethren in the ministry, the ruling elders, and several private members of the Church, spreads his hands abroad, and lifts his voice to heaven in behalf of our young brother, who is about to take part with us in the proclamation of mercy to a dying world;—"That the Lord may set him apart for himself—fully qualify him for his office—give him a mouth and a wisdom which the adversaries of truth cannot gainsay—make him a comfort to the Church, a blessing to the world; in a word, make him 'faithful unto death, and then give him a crown of life.'" The heart of our serious candidate melts while it rises to heaven with the fervent importunity of the moderator, and to his deliberate and solemn *Amen*, it responds "*Amen*."

With an air of majesty suited to his high rank as a minister of the Son of God, and with a compassionate regard to the frailty of a young brother, who was ready to sink under the weight of an office which an angel could scarcely sustain, the moderator gravely, distinctly, and affectionately uttered the consecrating address:

“In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by that authority which he hath given to the Church for its edification, we do license you to preach the Gospel wherever God in his providence may call you; and for this purpose, may the blessing of God rest upon you, and the Spirit of Christ fill your heart. Amen.”

“Now,” our young Christian says within himself, “I am the Lord’s forever.” From that solemn period, he seemed to feel with unusual force that he was “not his own.”

He is immediately employed by Presbytery as a domestic missionary; and the very next day he commences his labors.*

The bounds of the Presbytery described the sphere of his labors. All our destitute Churches shared in his sympathies, and were refreshed by his visits. In the several districts included in this Presbytery, he “fully preached the Gospel

* My brethren who are well acquainted with our ecclesiastical affairs will readily excuse this minute detail, when they recollect, that this little volume will fall into the hands of many who are prejudiced against our method of preparing our candidates for the pulpit, merely because they do not fully understand it. Besides, I trust it may prove useful to candidates themselves.

of Christ." Though he lived but five short months after his licensure, yet in that brief period he did "the work of an evangelist," and made full proof of his ministry. In his sermons he was at once doctrinal and practical. As in his life, so in his sermons, every doctrine led to practice. His manner was always solemn, affectionate, and persuasive; sometimes pungent, powerful, irresistible. To eloquence he made no pretension; but frequently rose above his aim, and surpassed the hopes of his friends. Simplicity characterized every thing he said or did. It appeared in his thoughts, in their arrangement, in his illustrations, in his language; in a word, in every thing. When, therefore, he was animated, his animation was natural; when pathetic, his pathos was an effusion of nature. Pomp and display he avoided, as we would a pestilence. Affectation he abhorred, as we do hypocrisy. His manner was not, therefore, imposing and commanding. While it gained attention, it left the heart unguarded, until taken by surprise. When eloquent, it was his heart that spoke; and the hearts of his hearers moved or melted with his. The tones of the gentler passions he well understood. He never studied

them; nature taught him. We would say that he was the child of nature, did not religion oblige us to rise one step higher, and say he was *a child of grace*.

Hence, in his preaching, his subject was more seen than himself—A. J. Pearson less visible than Christ. He preached, not himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord.

To all the saints who heard him, his discourses were peculiarly savory, truly a “savor of life unto life.” Most of the commendation received from the ungodly was like that which his king bestowed on Massilon—“Whenever I hear you, I go away condemning myself.” No wonder, therefore, that all the churches received him as a messenger of Christ. And it was not strange that every destitute church in our bounds wished to obtain a share in his stated labors. Nor was it astonishing that a vacant church, assembled to hear him preach, should dissolve into tears, when they heard that their beloved missionary was no more. “Such a weeping,” said one of the elders present on that occasion, “I never saw before.”

It is an affecting fact, that his last sermon was delivered to his dear little flock at Pacolet,

where the Lord had so signally blest his exhortations, before he was licensed to preach. That had been his Nebo, and there he had put off his robes. That Sabbath was the fourth Sabbath of August, (1834). On Monday he returned to his father's. His watchful mother thought she saw symptoms of unusual lassitude; but he uttered no complaint. On Tuesday his complexion was very sallow; but there was no other indication of disease. At the close of day he met the family around their altar, which he himself had erected; and there, with a devout heart and strong feelings, he performed his last public service. That night he was restless—slept none, but complained little. On Wednesday he could no longer conceal his indisposition, and a physician was called in. That morning he wrote with his pencil, under the influence of high fever, some verses, intimating that he anticipated his disease would bring the body down, but raise the spirit up—would give pain to his flesh, but comfort to his heart. About noon the doctor arrived, and promptly prescribed medicine, which was given forthwith, and operated well. At night was composed, and slept a little. On Thursday he was restless,

but seemed not to suffer violent pain : at night his fever rose, and he became exceedingly thirsty. On Friday his fever continued, and it was thought necessary to administer more medicine. All that day he spoke little : appeared to be much engaged in prayer. Saturday morning he was extremely feeble, but felt no pain. In the evening his fever rose in some degree, attended with a singular drowsiness; whenever nature yielded, and he fell asleep, he immediately awaked as one in the act of strangling, panting for breath. This unaccountable change gave the family the first alarm. Sabbath morning he was tranquil; spoke of his appointment for Saturday and that day; said he would like to be at his work, for he loved it. His mother said, "Give yourself entirely to the Lord, for he knows what is best for you." He closed his eyes, as if engaged in prayer, and answered only by expressive silence. About noon his extremities became cold, followed by cold perspiration. About this time, he expressed an earnest desire to have an opportunity of holding a private conversation with a friend, who had just left his room, who he feared might be led captive by Satan at his will. At the request

of the family, Mr. D., a member of the Church of N., prayed for our dear brother, who was now regarded by all as near the hour of his dissolution. During the time of prayer, Mr. Pearson raised his head, supported it by his arm, and listened with unremitted attention. After this his strength declined apace, his pulse became irregular, his respiration quicker, and he felt the approach of death. After lying as if in fixed attention for a few minutes, starting a little, he said, "the Saviour is calling for his followers." His mother replied, "I hope you are one of them." He made no reply; but the calm which spread over his livid countenance seemed to say, "I trust I am." Looking up, with a hope that shed a lustre over his glassy eye, he exclaimed, "O blessed Judge!" With melting tenderness his father said, "Do you wish to be with him?" He replied, "Oh, yes!" His mother is near; his eye often turns to her; he seems to sympathize tenderly with her in her grief. She ventures to fix her moist eye on his pale face, and ask, "My son, are you willing to leave us all?" Firmly and without hesitation he answered, "Yes." Her heart dissolved in tenderness, and she strove to say, "Thy will be

done." Still was his languid eye turned to her. At length he seemed to lose sight of weeping relatives and friends. His pale quivering lips still moved in prayer, two words of which he articulated aloud—"last nation." A mother's heart readily conceived the rest. She imagined, and no doubt correctly, that he was praying that Emanuel would extend his conquests until he would vanquish the "last nation."

So frequently and so fervently did he pray for the conversion of the pagan world, that all his most intimate friends believe, that he died praying for the salvation of poor lost heathens. In the midst of his last prayer, his pulse stopped, his breathing ceased. There was no convulsive struggle; no limb, no feature moved, when the unseen spirit bid adieu to earth. On the last day of August, (1834,) at five o'clock, on the Sabbath day, the day *he so much loved*, Anthony Jefferson Pearson rested from his labors: and his surviving friends, with one accord, were ready to exclaim, "Let my last end be like his." The next day, amidst a concourse of afflicted relatives and friends, his body was conveyed to the silent tomb, and interred near the church where he was baptized. Not long

after, the Editor preached his funeral sermon from Rom. xiv. 7, 8: "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself: for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."

CHAPTER X.

SUCH was Anthony Jefferson Pearson. He lived beloved and died regretted by all. We may naturally be asked, Why was he so highly esteemed? What peculiar attractions had he that gained the admiration and love of such multitudes?

His person, which was rather below the middle size, had nothing prepossessing or commanding. Having all the reserve of a cloistered student, there was nothing attractive in his manners. In company he was generally silent, unless religion was the topic. He had no sallies of wit; at least, he indulged in none. In a word, he had none of the colloquial graces; and this, in the estimation of his wisest friends, was his greatest defect. This defect he perceived and lamented, and made many an effort to correct. As a speaker, he was aided by none of the graces of elocution. His gravity in the pulpit gained attention; and in the progress of his discourse, his increasing warmth fixed it;

but no adventitious aid did he derive from graceful gestures or a melodious voice. As to genius, he was rather above mediocrity. His understanding was not rapid in its movements ; but, after deliberation, was judicious and clear. His memory, whether it related to words or things, was uncommonly retentive. His passions were so well regulated, that to those who never had been present while he was engaged in some religious exercise, he appeared to have none. His fancy was sometimes lively, but never vivid and glowing. His style was plain, sometimes neat, sometimes nervous ; but never elegant. In fine, if we except a good mind, nature had done very little for him. In him grace was every thing. With as much emphasis as St. Paul, could he have said, "By the grace of God, I am what I am."

In him the grace of God appeared—

1. In profound humility. This virtue he possessed in such a degree, that his deficiency in it was visible to no one but himself. While, in the estimation of his friends, he had no reason to pray as Henry Martin did, "Oh for a willingness to be despised !" in his own view, he was deeply humbled on account of his want

of humility. He had verily no pretensions. He never desired or sought, but always dreaded and shunned applause. Hence that which he never sought always pursued him, and because he sought it not.

In him the grace of God appeared—

2. In constant and uninterrupted meekness. No provocation whatever kindled at any time in his cheeks the hectic glow of anger. He regarded no man as an enemy. If any one assumed the attitude of a foe, it only brought him nearer to his heart. Prejudices he had none; if he had, no one ever saw them but God. Nothing among his intimate friends grieved him so much as the slightest vestige of resentment. Almost every other foible he could overlook; but that he always reprovcd.

In him the grace of God appeared—

3. In a candor that was truly Christian. He had no disguise. Never did he cherish in his heart one emotion towards any one, which lay concealed there. Never did he attempt to clothe any of his faults in the garb of virtue. All his foibles which might affect others he readily acknowledged; one case of this kind we have already recorded (page 46). We may now add

another. Having, in conversation, mentioned to a particular friend some of his juvenile follies, without relating all the circumstances; on reflection it appeared to him that his statement was rather an apology for his youthful indiscretions than an acknowledgement of them; he therefore felt himself conscientiously bound to give his friend the whole narrative, attended with an humbling confession of his error. In this he closely followed him who did no sin, "neither was *guile* found in his *mouth*."

In him the grace of God appeared—

4. In a diffusive benevolence. That benevolence first embraced the afflicted, whom he attempted to relieve by prayers, by tracts, by reciting the promises of the God of all comfort. Next, his compassion extended to the poor; to them he was prompt to carry a Bible, or a tract, or any other relief that his purse or his heart could give. Then his sympathies gathered around the *slave*, who was without God and without hope in the world. Next, the levity and waywardness of children awakened his pity, and prompted him to stretch forth both hands to gather them, first into the Sabbath school, and afterwards into the fold of Christ.

But the warm charities of his heart, could not be confined to one community; they were bounded only by the limits of human woes. But amidst his yearning compassions, the degraded Bacchanal and the disconsolate Pagan, lay nearest to his heart. Had he lived, no doubt his influence would have been felt on the other side of the globe. His expanded heart would never have been satisfied until it had 'a nation for its congregation.' A missionary doubtless he would have been. He who died praying for the heathen would, had he lived, have done much more than pray.

Again the grace of God appeared in him—

5. In the compassionate allowance which he made for the failings of others. He never took up, nor did he ever give circulation to, an evil report. On every action which the public condemned, he was ready to place the best construction, if any such it would bear. Calumny never proceeded from his lips, nor could it in his presence fall from the lips of others without a rebuke. If, on any occasion, he heard the character of others traduced without defending them, or rebuking the slanderer; he afterwards bitterly condemned himself. Of all unjust cen-

sure, that grieved him most which wantonly fell on the ministers of the sanctuary, or the members of the Church. Tatlers and slanderers, however plausible, were in his judgment associated with serpents and alligators, panthers and wolves. Being thus so far removed from the regions of slander; no one had ever occasion, by way of retaliation, to slander him.

In him the grace of God appeared—

6. In a spirit truly Catholic. Among the various denominations of Christians, he was tenderly attached to the followers of Christ wherever he found them. If they bore the image and breathed the spirit of Christ, with him they needed no other recommendation. In remarks made respecting the professors of religion in other churches, he never took a part; but uniformly checked them, by expressive silence, a gentle frown, or a mild rebuke. A similar course he constantly pursued with regard to observations made about ministers who wanted the advantages of education. He maintained, that it was utterly inconsistent with the sanctity of the Sabbath or of the house of God, to sit as critics; where we should rather go to learn

and correct our own faults. For the spiritual welfare of all the churches, he fervently prayed. When religion flourished, and the word of the LORD had free course and was glorified among them; he rejoiced in their joy. When among them religion languished, dissensions arose, professions stumbled; he received the news with a dejected countenance and an afflicted heart. The cause of Christ every where was his own. His best interests were identified with those of the Church. So true is it that they who have the most religion have the most charity. And they have the least sectarian spirit, who are nearest heaven; for there is none of it there.

In him the grace of God appeared—

7th. In an enlightened, vigorous, unwearied zeal, the object of which was the glory of Christ and the enlargement of the Church. In the midst of the most diligent prosecution of his studies, he had leisure every day to devise, or mature, or in part execute, some plan of usefulness. At one time he is occupied with the best method of conducting Sabbath schools, and devises a plan for the most profitable management and distribution of the library, so as

at once to awaken the curiosity and excite the emulation of the pupils. At another time he digests the scheme of a tract society, in which he united economy with a more thorough and extensive distribution. Again he is employed in forming and maturing a system of benevolent exertion for the South, combining several objects, domestic and foreign, so as to meet the partialities and shun the prejudices of those who might unite in its support. At one time, his heart is fixed on the amelioration of the condition of the colored people of the South; and often did he pause to ask: What can be done? What at least should I do? To the last question he answered by his practice: for out of the word of God he taught them publicly and from house to house. At another time he forms and aids in conducting a prayer meeting for youth; and in it offers up many a fervent prayer, and delivers many a persuasive address.

His zeal was not like the lightning, irregular in its appearance and movements; nor like the meteor, that blazes suddenly and as suddenly expires: but rather, like the dim crescent of the new moon, that advances night after night,

until, full orb'd, "the planets are lost in her blaze." The zeal of our Southern Christian like the sun, brightened as it rose; but unlike the sun, it set at noon.

In him the grace of God appeared—

8th. In a noble independence of spirit. The spirit of the world, public sentiment when incorrect, the erring 'laws of honor' had no influence over him. His course was prescribed by his Bible; the will of God was his paramount authority. A judicious understanding, a discriminating conscience, a sterling integrity, were his counsellors and guides. When he needed counsel, he sought it among the most pious, in his Bible and in Heaven; but elsewhere he sought it not. His independent spirit appears, in the firmness and promptness with which he opposed vice, fashionable or unfashionable, whatever shape it might assume. It also shone in his regular and constant adherence to Christ crucified, every where and at all times. But most of all was it conspicuous in his high resolve, to dedicate himself to God in a Foreign Mission. Here like Abdiel in the revolt of heaven, 'he stood alone.' His fathers in the ministry, thought that the destitute

places of our Southern Zion, had the first claim to his services ; so thought, in their very hearts, the destitute churches. So thought the editor, who once imagined that he could exert an influence over our young Christian, as great as any other man. All his relatives, and they were numerous, and almost all his friends, stood opposed to the accomplishment of his design. The warm affections of a father, a mother, a grandmother, and a sister, seized him with violence, to detain him at home. But all, all could not shake his purpose. The editor remembers well, and with deep regret too, his effort to move his purpose, because he knew not then how deeply it was fixed. His opinion, which heretofore was treated with great respect by our Southern Christian, had in this case little more influence, than the wave of ocean that dashes and breaks against the fast anchored rock. The attempt he *did not*—he *could not* renew ; his heart told him, that the steadfast purpose of our hero was of the Lord.

In him the grace of God appeared—

9th. In a spirit remarkably devout. It was his custom, for many months previous to the close of his life, to retire regularly three times

a day, for private devotion. On Sabbath day, when he returned from the house of God, as well as before he went thither, he claimed an hour for retirement: before he went to the church, he earnestly sought the blessing of Heaven for the minister and the services of the sanctuary; after he returned home, having reviewed and applied to himself what he heard, he importunately prayed that it might *abide* and *live* in his heart, and in other hearts. With regard to a devout temper, every day was a Sabbath to him; for his time was all sacred time, all the Lord's time; but on the Sabbath day a deeper shade of solemnity seemed to overspread his countenance. During the week he seemed to have little intercourse with earth; on the Sabbath, none at all. Through the week he appeared to be a stranger and a sojourner; on the Sabbath he seemed to be at home in the city of our God.

Being accustomed to have fellowship with God in his private devotions, he prayed in public as one who was not addressing a stranger, but a well known and well tried friend. His supplications were most obviously addressed, not to a God afar off, but to a God near at hand.

Having had communion with God three times a day, he was truly in the fear of the Lord all the day long. I never knew a man who had a better right to say with the Psalmist, "I have set the Lord always before me; because he is on my right hand, I shall not be moved." All who knew him thoroughly will no doubt concur with the Editor when he says, "I never saw him in a frame of mind unsuitable to devotion, nor in a state of heart that would not well correspond with the death-bed of a saint."

Finally, in him the grace of God appeared—

10. In an habitual cheerfulness, an unclouded serenity. To the profligate, the vicious, or the mere formalist, the life of our Southern Christian would seem a course of self-denial, mortification, and gloom. Worldly pleasures, sinful gratifications, he had indeed abandoned; but in forsaking them he had risen to a higher sphere of enjoyment. In him was it most clearly proved, that "the fruit of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance forever." Why did he delight so much in the hours of retirement? Why did he take so much pleasure in going to the house of God? Because he could say in truth, "I will go to the

altar of God; to God my exceeding joy." Whence arose that perpetual peace which he seemed to enjoy? "O Lord, thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." His peace verily flowed like a river, deepening and widening as it approached the ocean. He had his heaven here, rising and increasing in felicity as it ascended to the heaven of heavens. Down to his last hour, the adage of the wise man was fully verified in him: "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Where then will we find on earth the happy man? Let an ancient sage answer: "No one ought to be pronounced happy before his death." Rather let our Pearson's life answer: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

The letter from which the following extract is made, was received from my worthy brother, the Rev. J. G. Landrum, of the Baptist Church, after this little volume was completed. As it strongly confirms what has been already said

of the catholic spirit and heavenly temper of our Southern Christian, it is most cheerfully subjoined.

"Mount Zion, June 27, 1835.

"Anthony Jefferson Pearson."

"I became intimately acquainted with the Rev. J. Kennedy, now of Pendleton, S. C., in the year 1831, with whom I spent some delightful hours in conversation. He often asked me if I ever had become acquainted with A. J. Pearson, remarking, at the same time, 'he is an interesting young man; upon an acquaintance, you would be highly pleased with him.' Mr. Kennedy always spoke in the most exalted terms of him. He admired him for his piety, evenness of temper, and prospects for future usefulness. All others whom I hear mention him, spoke in the most exalted terms of him, and gave me a strong prepossession in his favor.

"Sometime in the year 1832, I enjoyed the long anticipated pleasure of being introduced to the young brother of whom I had heard so many interesting facts; and upon an intimate acquaintance, which was soon formed, I indeed

found him an interesting young man; intelligent, agreeable, and pious; a true lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all his genuine followers.

“Sometime in the same year, the Presbyterian Church at North Pacolet solicited his labors. Not being yet licensed to preach, he attended and delivered lectures on the catechism; in doing which he always used to pass the place of the writer’s residence, so that he saw him frequently, and was always anxious that he should call, which he seldom failed to do. By these interviews our acquaintance was increased, and I can truly add, the more I associated with Jefferson Pearson, the more I became attached to him. The first time I ever heard him speak in public was shortly after he had commenced his lectures at North Pacolet; when he delivered an impressive exhortation, after a sermon had been preached from John, ix. 28, ‘The Master is come, and calleth for thee.’ In his exhortation he feelingly urged sinners to comply with the calls of God, by repentance and faith, warning them of the bad consequences of resisting the Holy Spirit, &c. Though frequently with him, I do not remember to have heard him

again until he was licensed to preach ; after which he made an appointment to preach at his father's residence on a certain evening. Being very anxious to hear him, I attended his appointment. He gave an excellent sermon indeed from the following text : ' Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Matt. ix. 28. His division of the subject rendered it plain and easy, his illustrations were simple and readily understood, his language chaste and perspicuous, his sentences beautiful and sublime, and his applications forcible and impressive : in a word, his performance was as I anticipated ; for I had often remarked, when speaking of him, that his devotedness to his studies, his most excellent piety, together with his good natural talents, and fine opportunities to improve them, would certainly render him an illustrious minister of the Lord Jesus. After hearing the above-named sermon, I heard some persons express themselves fearful that his manner of address was not sufficiently animated : and, indeed, I had some fears myself on that account ; but on hearing him again, my fears were entirely removed. On a certain evening, which I shall

never forget, (it being the last time my lot was cast with this worthy disciple of Jesus,) I had an appointment to preach: Jefferson Pearson made it convenient to meet me, (he being then a domestic missionary,) and cheerfully took a part in the services of the evening, and exhorted after sermon with great warmth. He proposed in his exhortation to offer some of the high inducements calculated to influence sinners to seek an interest in Christ: in doing which, he spoke of the torments of hell which they might escape, and the glories of heaven which they might gain. In this exhortation, he set forth the horrors of the damned in torment in most awful colors. What a description! I thought surely there was not a sinner in the house that could avoid trembling, in view of such an awful catastrophe as was so eminently and awfully set before him. And on the other hand, the grandeur, the glory, and the endless felicity of heaven, he pourtrayed in the most eloquent and enticing manner. It seemed as if he, while in this strain of imagination, did not only 'see in part,' but that the veil was removed from before his eyes, and that all the glories of the

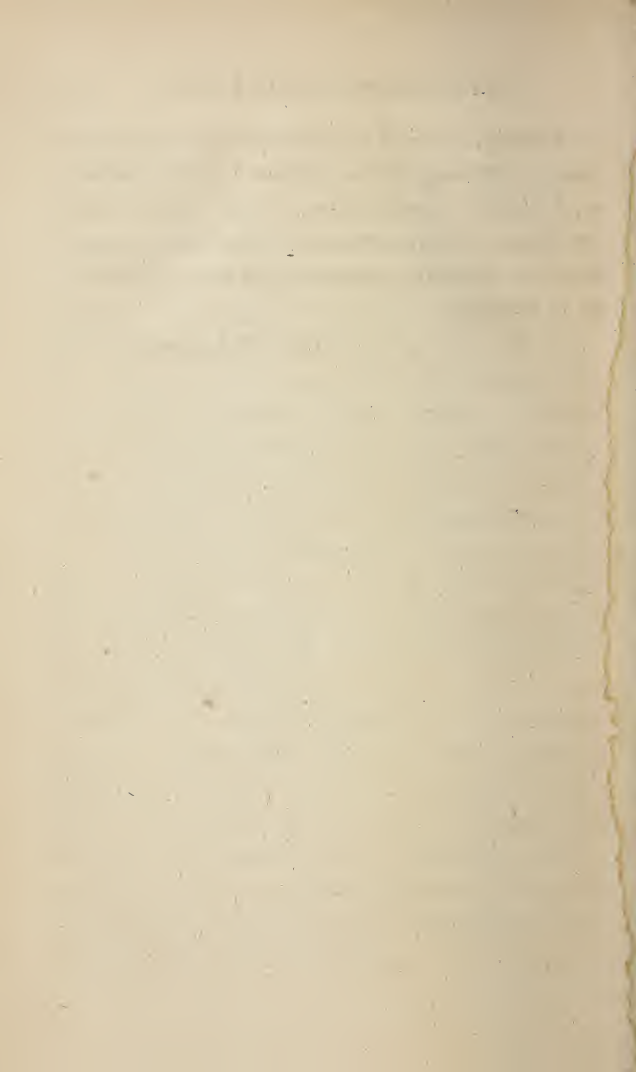
heavenly region had burst into his mind with so much force and beauty, that one might almost have been lead to conclude that 'he had been caught up to the third heavens.' In this memorable exhortation were contrasted the depths of hell and the heights of heaven. In treating of them alternately, the attentive listener's mind was caught by the most sudden transitions from the lowest and most wretched degree of misery to the most exalted and heavenly summits of bliss; and then, in a thought, from the highest realms in glory down to the very bottomless pit.

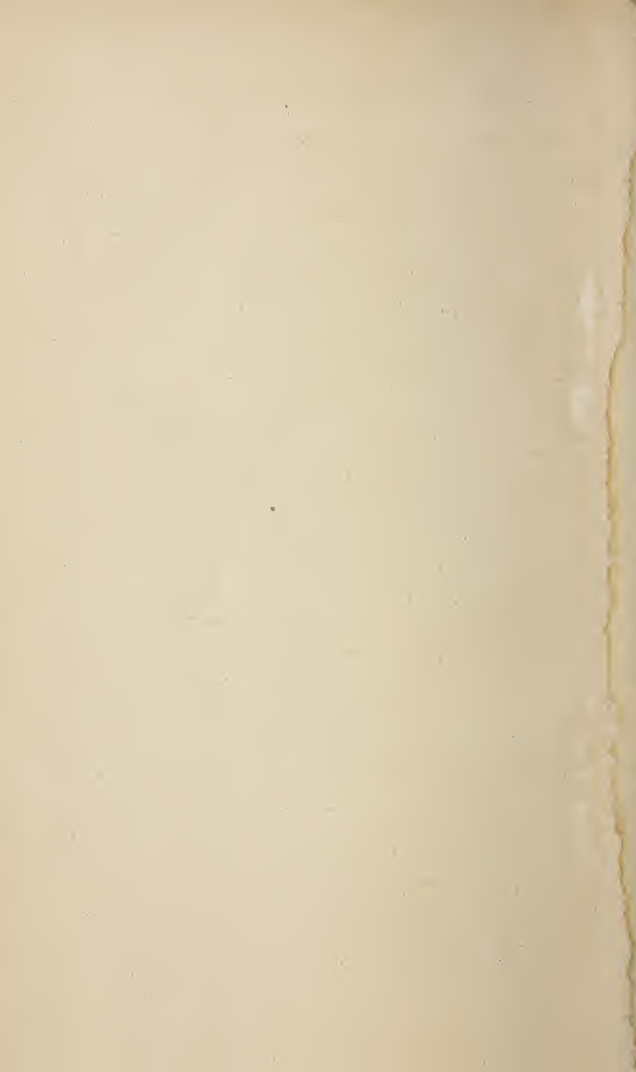
"In the closing remarks he seemed, as it were, to hold out to the sinner destruction in the one hand and salvation in the other, and in the most powerful and pungent manner bade him make his choice.

"In a few days the Lord called this child of heaven home to the full enjoyment of those pleasures on which he dwelt so very delightfully. This last discourse of A. J. Pearson had a captivating influence on my feelings; and so shortly after hearing of his departure, it became indelibly instamped. It will, I doubt not, be remembered by me in eternity.

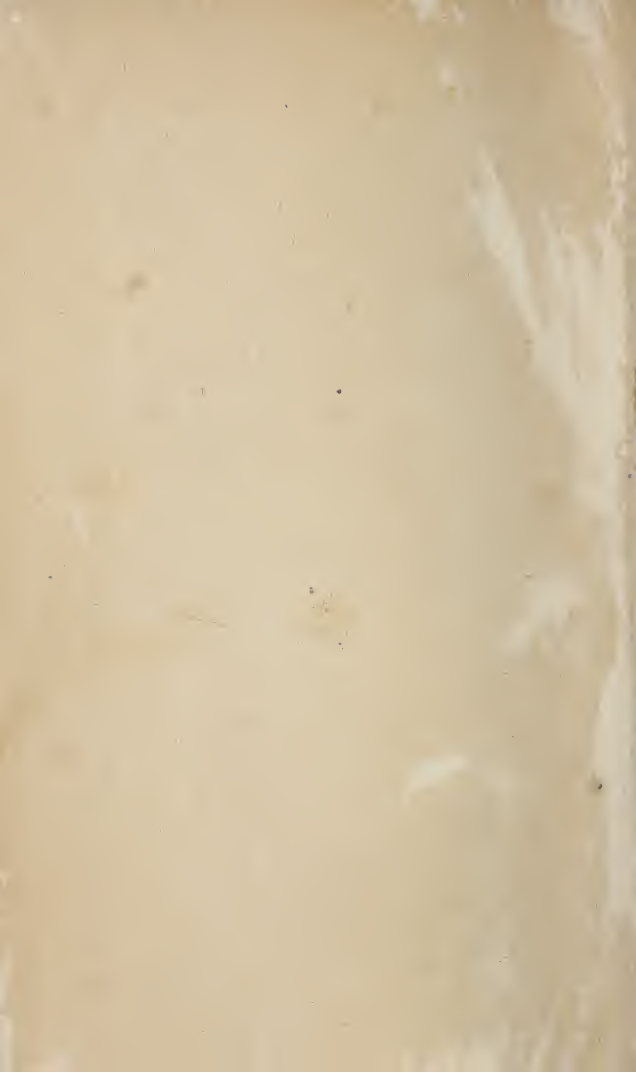
“Finally, when I am brought to view the many interesting traits exhibited in his character, I frankly confess that I have known but few, if any, of equal worth. If he had a single fault, my partiality towards him never suffered me to behold it.

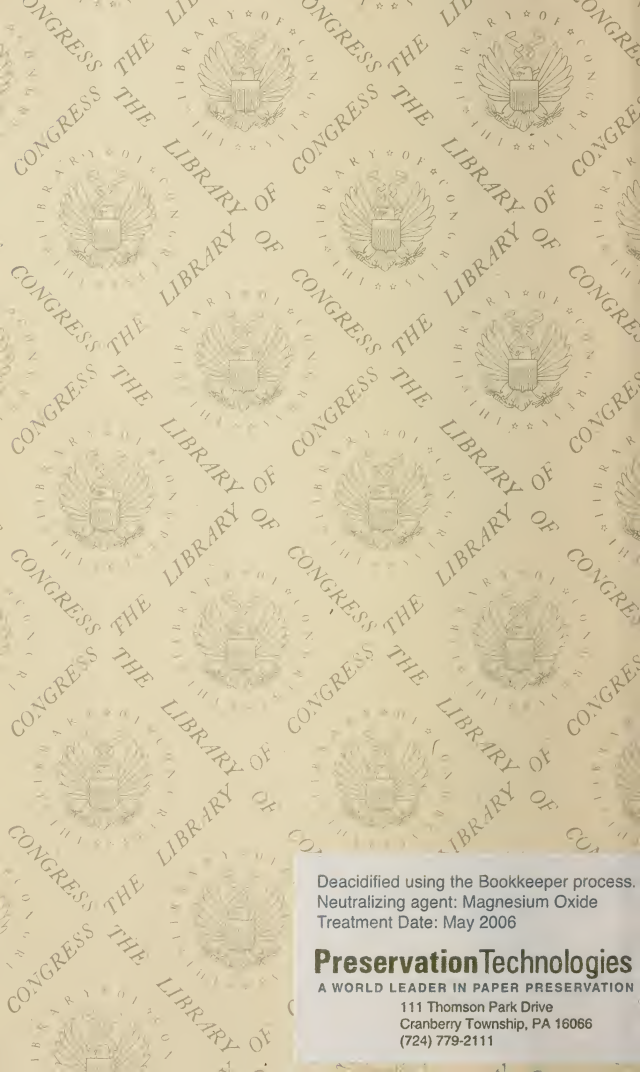
“JNO. G. LANDRUM.”











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